

L.A. LAW

NIGHTMARES ON ELM STREET

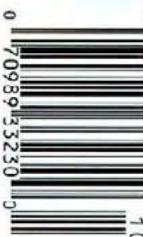
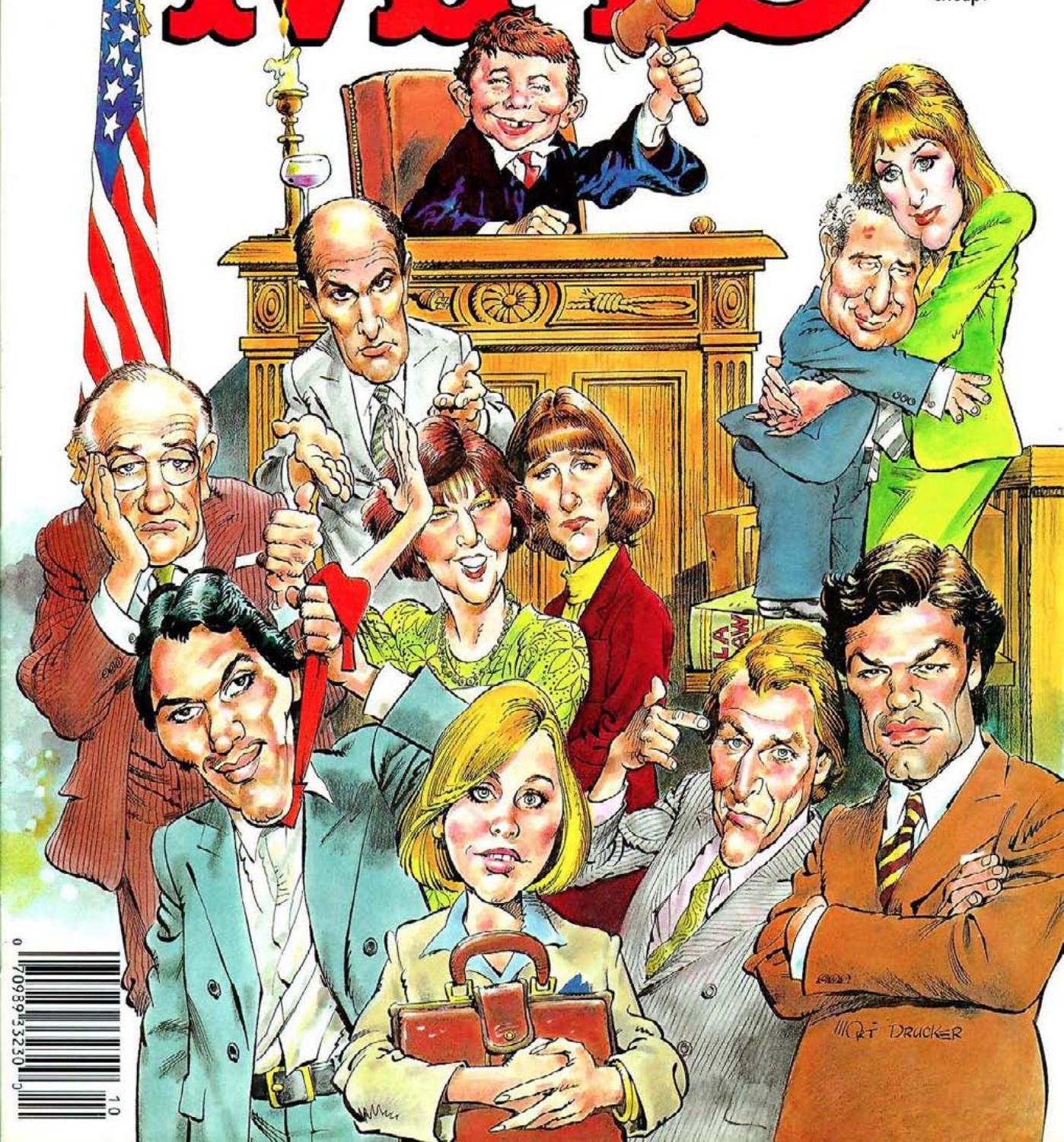
LETHAL WEAPON



MAD

IND

No. 274
October 1987
Our Price:
\$1.35
Cheap!



10

WHAT GROUP
DISPLAYING
DEVIANT SEXUAL
BEHAVIOR DID
THE MEESE
COMMISSION
OVERLOOK?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

The Meese Commission left no bed unturned searching for sexual deviants. But they missed some! You'll have to fold in this page (gasp!) to find out who they are.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER

◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



TV WAS EXAMINED BY THE COMMISSION, AS WAS
EVERY OTHER FIELD OF COMMUNICATION. ARRANGE-
MENTS WERE MADE TO COMPILE EXTENSIVE
LISTS OF SEXUAL ACTIVITIES THAT MEESE DISLIKED

A►

◀B

MAD

"The reason politicians are so busy is that they spend half their time passing laws, and the other half helping their friends get around them!"

—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher*

NICK MEGLIN, JOHN FICARRA *editors*

LEONARD BRENNER *art director* TOM NOZKOWSKI *production*
CHARLIE KADAU, JOE RAIOLA, SARA FOWLER *associate editors*

DICK DE BARTOLO *creative consultant*

JACK ALBERT *lawsuits* ANNE GAINES *logistics*

GLORIA ORLANDO, LILLIAN ALFONSO, M.C. GAINES *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS *the usual gang of idiots*

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Front Cover Artist: Mort Drucker Idea: Jack Albert, Esq.

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QUIET
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ON WILLOW
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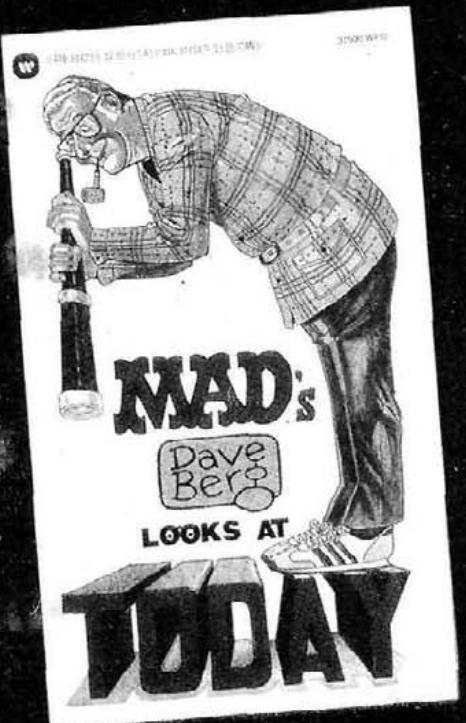
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LEWD"
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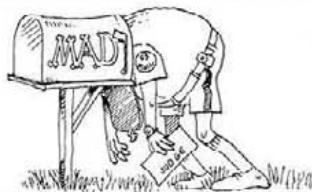
If you think YESTERDAY was bad, wait until you read



**It'll make
you wish
there is no
TOMORROW!**

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3 out of 7 days per week
of your choice!

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



"ARFUL"

I recently finished reading your satire called "ARFUL" and I think the Student Association of San Joaquin Delta College has done you one better. By an overwhelming vote, Alf was elected student body president for the 1987-88 school year and will represent 17,000 students!

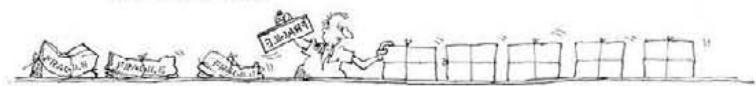
James F. Nicolai
Stockton, CA

GUESS you could say your school has a puppet government! Arfl! Arfl! —Ed.

Enclosed is my own version of Alf.
Victor Gonzalez
Lynwood, CA



ALF E. NEUMAN??



THE MORLEY MAJORITY



CBS reporter Morley Safer (the guy in the suit) recently paid a visit to MAD's offices, where he was quickly pointed out by (left to right) MAD editors Nick Meglin and John Ficarra and MAD writer Dick DeBartolo. The Mor-man's feature on MAD will appear on 60 Minutes in the early fall. Watch for it on a television set near you!!

"CRUMMY" LETTERS

In your article "It's a Crummy Job..." you forgot something about being the lifeguard at a fat farm: fat FLOATS!

Michael Drouty
Kingwood, TX

**Yeah, and all the crap rises to our letters page!
—Ed.**

On the contents page of MAD #272 it says "It's a Dirty Job...", but on page 48 you list the title as "It's a Crummy Job..." Now I can't tell whether MAD is doing a dirty job or a crummy job. Which is it?

Mike Johnson
Carlsbad, CA

Both! We're not going to scrimp when it comes to our readers! —Ed.

Other readers who think they can impress us by pointing out our errors include: Derrick Linton, Pascagoula, MS; David Wartik, Studio City, CA; Travis Colby, Toronto, Canada; Jonathan Frank, Dania, FL; Brett Shady, Penn Valley, CA; Anthony Pepe and Andrew McNaughton, Somewhere, USA.

CLAIM TO SHAME

Your "MAD Guide to Show Biz Success" was biting, but incomplete. Add this to your list.

FOR A SECRETARY OF A TELEVANGELIST

1 Affair with a Preacher means...your face and name appear in national gossip columns. 2 Affairs mean...you go on Nightline with your lawyer. 3 Affairs mean...you're featured on the cover of Playboy or Penthouse. 4 Affairs mean...you go for tests to a V.D. clinic!

Mark Silberman
L.A., CA

WRESTLING WITH OUR READERS

I buy MAD a lot, but I also buy WWF Magazine. Your MAD fake-out magazine cover is great! I fooled lots of people with it. Who is that nerd pictured on it?

Kevin Cunningham
Daly City, CA

The picture of Harold "The Killer Accountant" on the back cover of MAD #272 was too much. Tell him to shave his legs!

John Bain
Santa Ana, CA

Was the guy on the cover of your WWF magazine the guy who says he'll "bore the Hulk into submission"? If it is, he can dream on because he looks like a wimp to me!

Glenn Howerton
Montgomery, AL

I have one question. Where DID you find that pencil-neck geek?

Corey Stefanczak
Lakewood, NY

As of this writing, Harold "The Killer Accountant" has not yet faced the Hulkster, and is therefore still alive. We'll have a complete update in our next letters page. Stay tuned! —Ed.

"FORGET SMART"

Your spoof of "Get Smart" in MAD #272 was fantastic! Would you believe great? O.K., would you believe marginally enjoyable?

Kirby Rogers
Nova Scotia, Canada

CONTROL yourself! —Ed.

MORON MAIL

I asked our school librarian why the library doesn't carry MAD. She told me it was too offensive to some people. Would you please print an issue of MAD that is dull, boring, educational and mentally stimulating so I can show it to my librarian? Then you can go back to your usual trash. Thank you.

Perry Pirsch
Omaha, NB

If you want to show your librarian something dull and boring in MAD, why don't you read her your letter! —Ed.

Thank you for telling me how to pronounce Al Jaffee's last name. Now can you just tell me how to pronounce Al Jaffee's first name?

Eric Plaskin
Gastonia, NC

Yes we can, but we'd rather use this space to tell you five interesting things about "Wheel of Fortune's" Jack Sajak. #1: His first name is not Jack, it's Pat. #2: Uh, well, actually there aren't five interesting things about Pat Sajak! Sorry. —Ed.



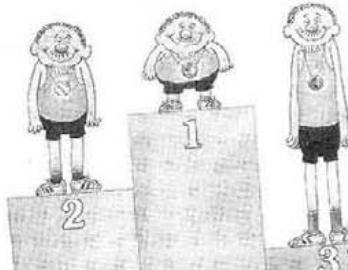
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- CHECK HERE IF RENEWAL

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I'm Leeward McKingpin, senior partner of McKingpin, Barfman, Shady & Muzak!

My colleagues here are a true cross-section of L.A.—four horny guys, three sex-crazed nymphos, one cheating husband and a token airhead! They perform extremely well, except, of course, when their work gets in the way!

I'm Mydol Muzak, a sincere idealistic attorney! My morals would be an absolute turnoff, except that the producers have involved me in a hot-and-heavy romance with Glaze Van Open! We've been making it together ever since I asked her to come up and see my briefs!



I'm Drabby Percoden! I always felt being a lawyer would give me a chance to provide equal justice for all and make the world a better place! OK! OK! So I was a young and foolish schmuck! So sue me!



ONLY IN AMERICA
DO WE LET A GROOK
OUT ON BAIL AND
LOCK UP THE JURY.

What's the last group of professionals you'd expect to see glorified on network television? How about lawyers? In real life they come off

LA L

The Ero

I'm Glaze Van Open, your typical sultry, sensual deputy D.A.! I admire Mydol for his incredible technique! And I'm sure he's very good at law, too!

I'm Vigoro Cementhead! I defend low-lifes like arsonists, drug dealers and rapists—and thanks to my knack for finding legal loopholes, they all go free! What I wanna know is, when are the cops gonna get around to cleaning up this rotten city?

I LOVE SLIDING DOWN THE BARRISTER!



LAWYERS
BRIEFS

ARTIST:

MORT DRUCKER

as dull, plodding clods. but on television they are loaded with lust, and hot-to-trot! Which is why this lawyer's show should be called...

EWL

c State

I'm Antsy Calcium and I'm not just another pretty face! I'm regarded around the court as a brilliant defender with an astute legal mind! Even though some judges can be such sillies!

I'm Stupor Microwits, or "Mr. Charisma!" I may not seem exciting, but I make up for it by being a short, over-weight tax lawyer! My affair with Antsy is going great ever since I showed her how my short form compliments her long form!

IF CRIME DID NOT PAY, LAWYERS WOULD NEVER BECOME POLITICIANS!

I'm Carnie Banger! I joined the firm as a divorce lawyer after majoring in Creative Lechery at USC! I've handled 31 divorce cases this year—28 of which I caused!

ON GROWING UP, DIVORCE OVER-CROWDING.



I'm Rockhead Malomar, Carnie's secretary! I'm gullible and naive and I believe everything Carnie says—even when he's using me for his own devious, sleazy ends! Still, I could be a lot worse off! I could be one of Carnie's clients!

DID YOU PLEAD THE FIFTH?

NO, I PLEADED THE WHOLE CASE!

I'm Rugless Barfman! I'm ruthless, relentless and devoid of all human compassion. After all, SOMEBODY here has to come off as a REAL lawyer!

DRUCKER

I GIVE
VENUS
BUTTERFLY
Foundation

WRITER:
FRANK JACOBS

Alright people, listen up! No goofing off! We've got our usual nine subplots going at once so everybody look busy! That way, all the confusion will cover up our gaffs in taste and credibility!

So what's my subplot this week, Lee-ward?

Stupor, you pour out your jealous passion for Antsy!

I've been doing that for months! When do I get to show my legal brilliance and win a really big tax-fraud case?

On the day viewers start getting turned on by long term capital gains!

What I can't understand is why there's no laugh track on this show.

Laugh tracks are used only on superficial shows that make a joke of the real world with far-fetched plots and titillating sex... er... I see what you mean! Malomar, go down to the video store and get us a laugh track!



This is a law office so let's be lawyers! Mydol, you billed a client \$2,000 for "Immersible Research!"

Right! Glaze and I discussed the case while fooling around in her hot tub!

You're charging a client \$2,000 for THAT?!

How about \$4,000?

Now you're talking like a lawyer!

Vigoro is scheduled to be in court today! I just hope he doesn't blow it again!

It's that arrogant temper of his that usually gets him in trouble!



Your honor is familiar with the case of Smith vs. Forbush!

Yes, I am!

Think you're smart, huh? How about Connors vs. Lendi?

I don't really know...

What about Valenzuela vs. Gooden?

Let me think...

How about Simms vs. Elway? Carson vs. Rivers? Vegas vs. Atlantic City? Anacin vs. Tylenol? Butter Pecan vs. Pistachio? Extra Crispy vs. Original Recipe???

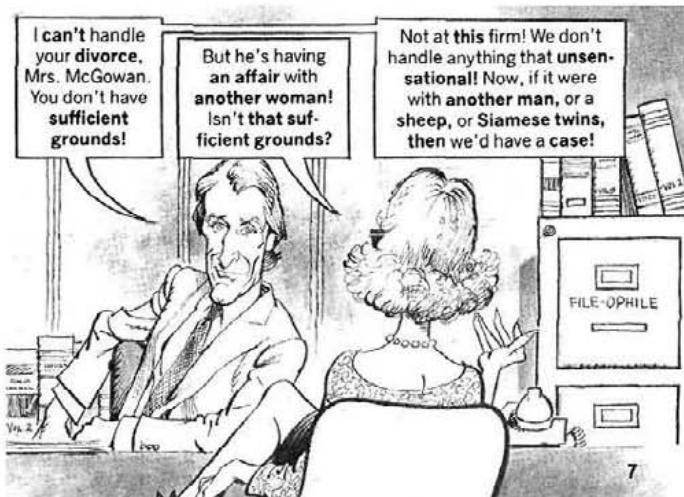
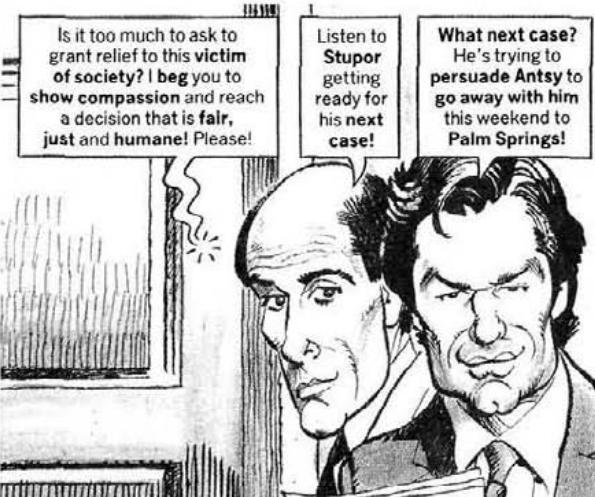
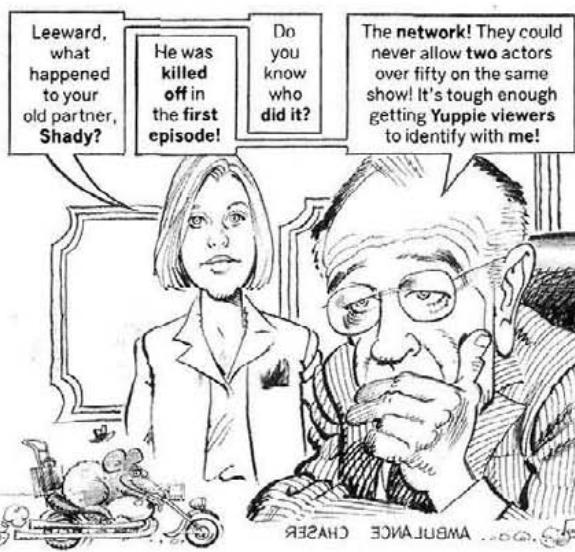
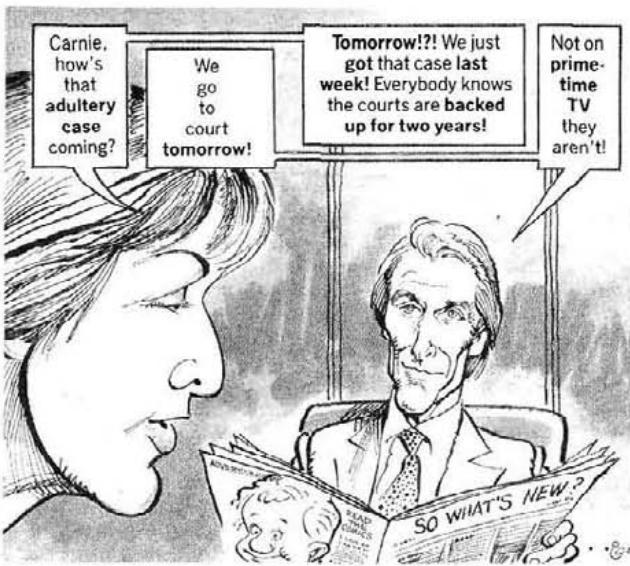
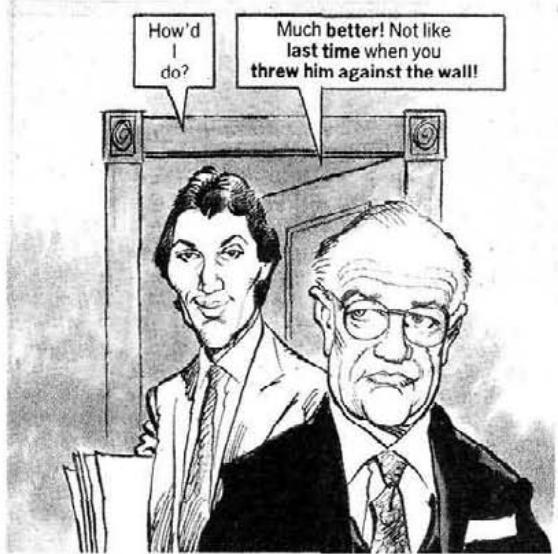
Er-well, that is...

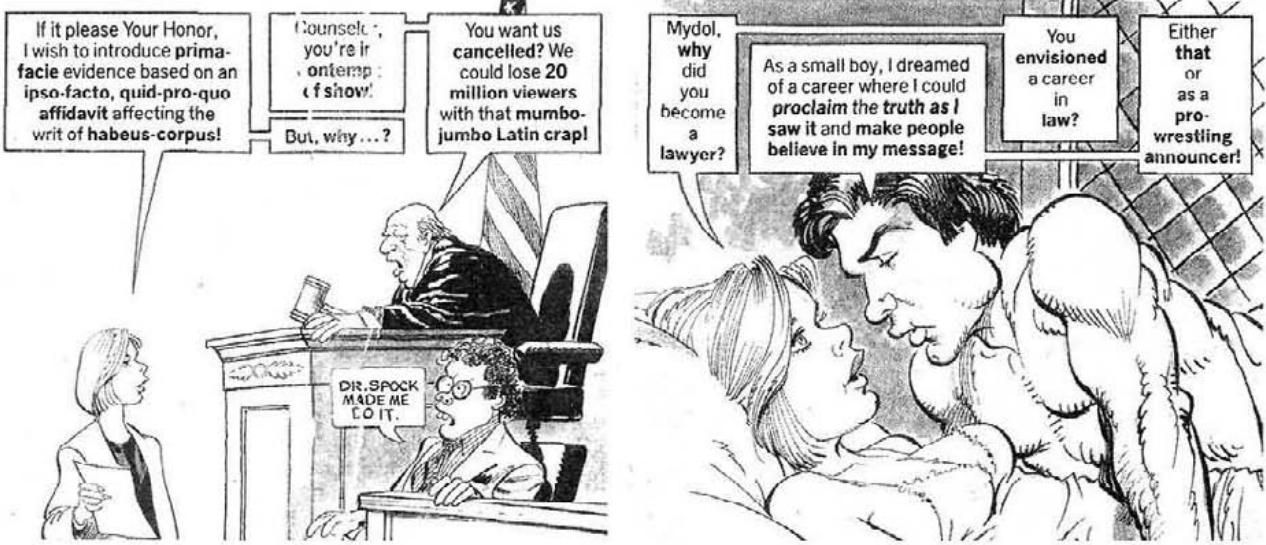
You don't know NOTHIN' Judge! YOU STINK!

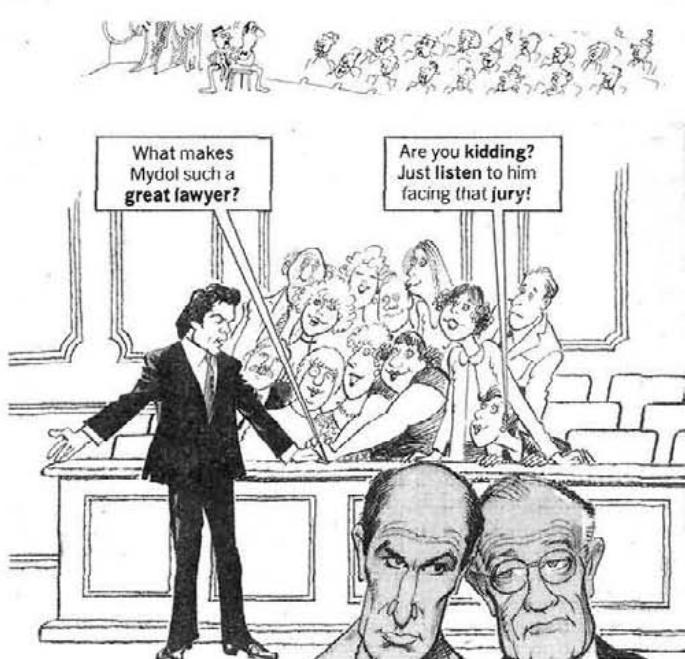
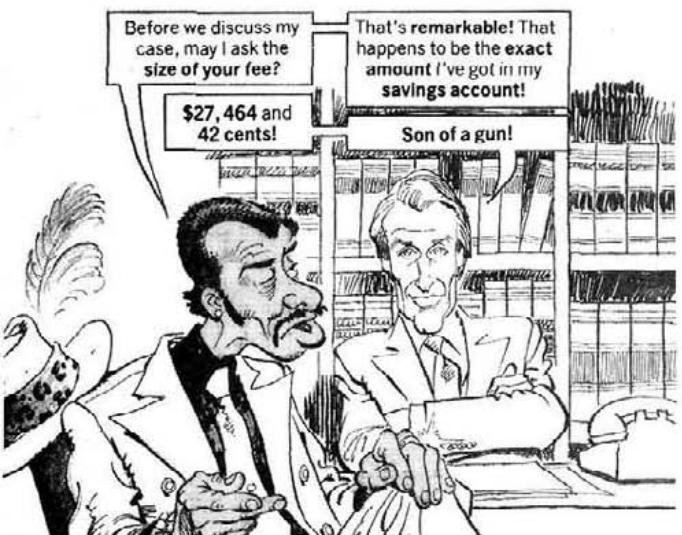
YO!

HOW ABOUT ROCKY VS. RAMBO?



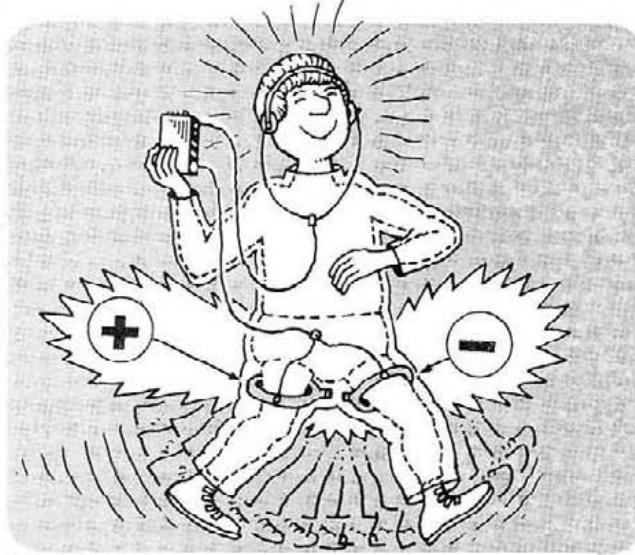






First came Walkman, which only played cassette tapes! Then came AM/FM Walkman, followed by the Waterproof Walkman and countless new variations, combinations and accessories to make your life

ULTIMATE ACCESSORIES



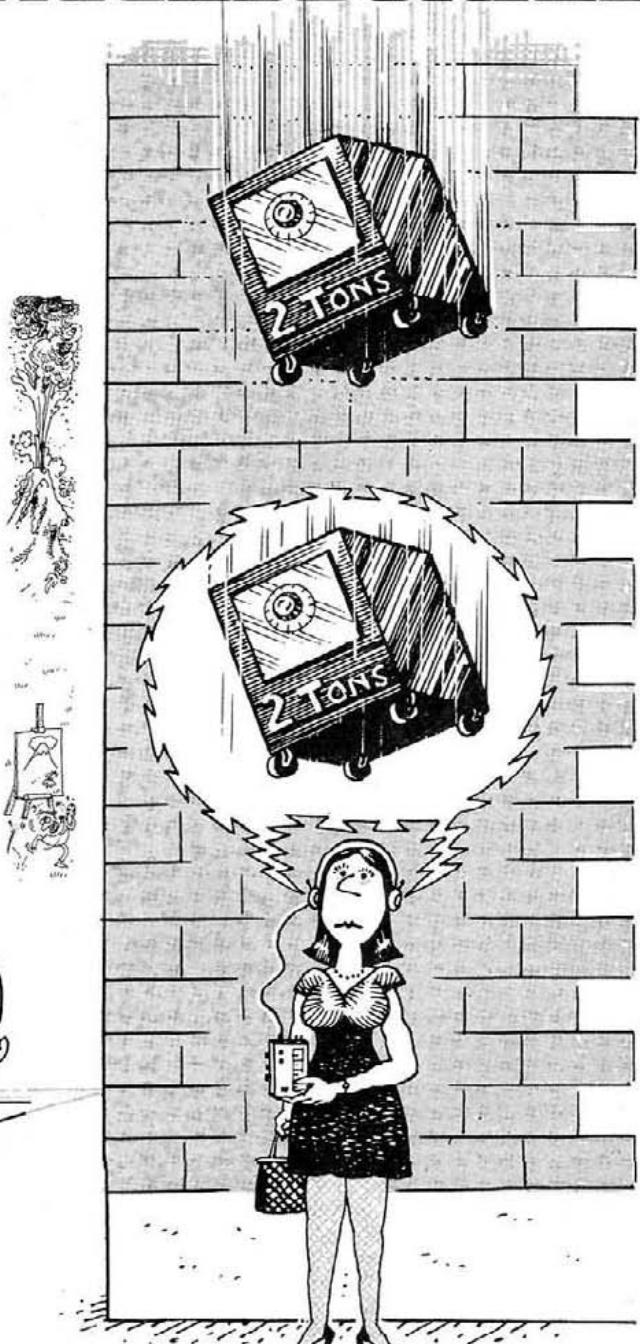
WALK-PANTS

Tired of constantly replacing dead batteries? Don't trust those so-called rechargeable batteries? Then these specially engineered trousers are for you! Designed with electrical conductor wires woven into the crotch of the fabric, every step you take generates enough voltage to keep your unit blasting away!



WALK-MACHO

Influenced by the Rambo fashion trend, each fully loaded "bandolero belt" carries 12 cassettes so you won't run out of great sounding "ammo" when you hit the beach! Worn across the chest or around the waist, a really fat person can carry dozens of cassette "rounds" easily!



WALK-RADAR

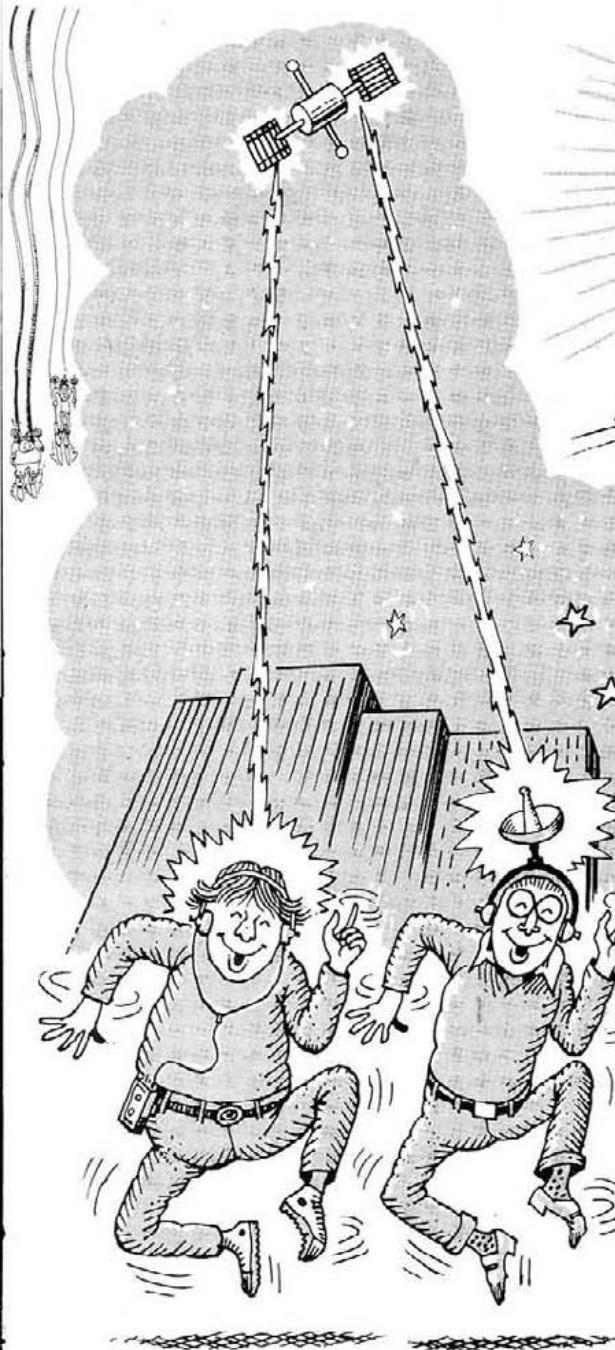
You listen to your pocket stereo to block out exterior noises, but there are some outside sounds you *should* hear! This unit is equipped with a special lifesaving radar sensing device. A warning beeper goes off in your headphones if you're oblivious to the fact that you're directly in the path of a speeding car, or worse, one of the really fat people described in WALK-MACHO!

easier! But are they finished? Does a bear spit in the woods? Using funds from MAD's secret Swiss bank account, we bribed manufacturers and got them to show us the exciting new plans for these

for PERSONAL STEREOS

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

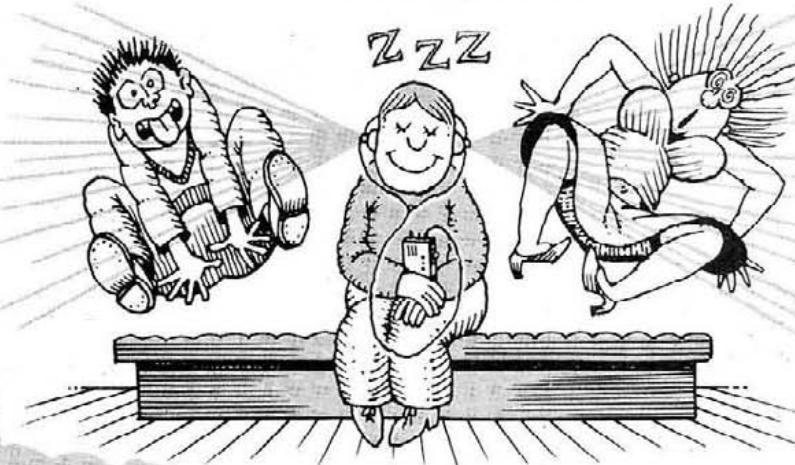
WRITER: DICK DeBARTOLO



WALK-SATELLITE

Ever wonder what someone was listening to that makes them look so "transported" to another planet? Well, wonder no more—this high tech mini-satellite dish can pick up their sound waves! Whether radio or cassette, let them do the buying and carrying! Just point your dish in their direction and tap into easy listening!

Al Jaffee



WALK-REVERSE

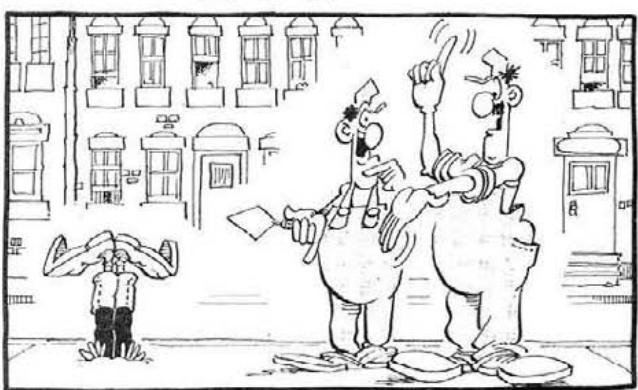
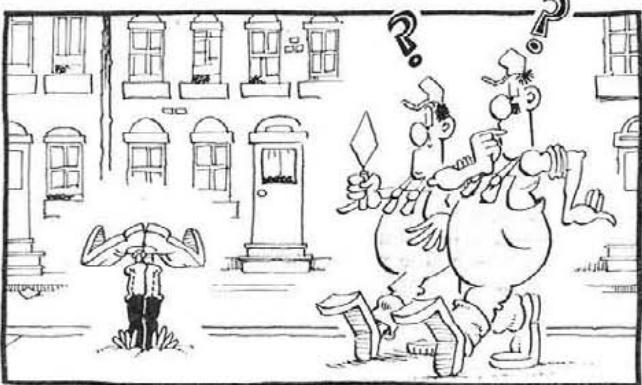
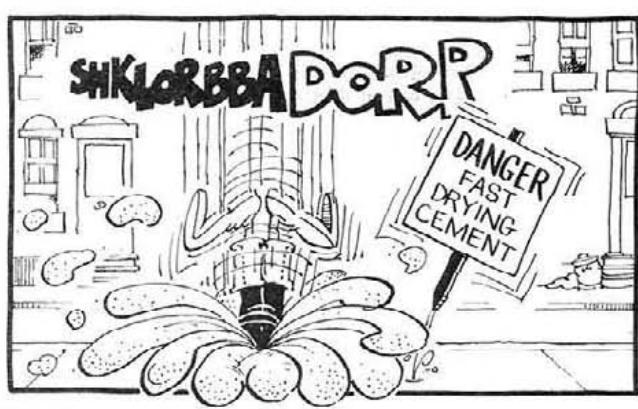
The ultimate in quiet seclusion! When you want to be left alone, these reversible headphones blast music OUT rather than IN, leaving the impression that if the volume is up that high, you're the kind of nut to be totally avoided!



WALK-MUG

This baby is designed with punks in mind! The new "Ventrilo-Sound" system is activated by a hidden emergency button which echoes the screams of sirens and cops as if they were rapidly approaching the scene, clearing out all would-be muggers within a two-mile radius!

ONE QUIET MORNING ON WILLOW ROAD EAST



If you live to 80, you're doing fine. If you live to 90, you've really beaten the odds. However, there are some among us who believe they'll live forever. We're referring to Mr. Clean, Cap'n Crunch and the rest of that copyrighted gang. Well, we've got some news for them! Eventually *everyone* dies, them included! So, to show them what's in store, we've prepared these...

OBITUARIES

For Merchandising Characters

FRED WHIPPLE DIES AT 54

Fred Whipple died today of suffocation after being squeezed to death under a truckload of toilet tissues. He was 54.

Whipple began his career at the Charmin Company as a sheet counter, and later became chief roll inspector and scent supervisor.

"We shall miss him greatly," said a Charmin spokesman. "After all, we have lost our Number Two man."

In accordance with Whipple's last request, his body will be wrapped in 5,000 squeezably soft sheets and placed on permanent display at a local supermarket.

Campbell Kids Die

Boris and Doris Campbell, famed for decades as the Campbell Soup Kids, died today within hours of each other.

Doctors at the scene believe both succumbed to the Smurf Disease, otherwise known as "acute cuteness."

Mr. Clean Dies at 33; Victim of Pollution

Mr. Clean died today after losing a fight with lung cancer. He was 33.

He was a battler to the last," said his son-in-law, Brawny, "but the filthy air and polluted environment were too much for him."

During his final months, the once-muscular Mr. Clean wasted away to a shadow of his robust size. Despite his terminal illness, he poured himself into his work, continuing to attack his sworn enemies, grease, dirt and soot.

"We tried to keep him alive with ammonia transfusions," said a hospital spokesman, "but by then it was hopeless. Still, he fought to the last drop before throwing in the sponge."

In his will, Mr. Clean left his entire estate to the EPA, except for his earring, which he bequeathed to Miss Clairol.

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



PILLSBURY DOUGHBOY AN APPARENT SUICIDE

Poppin' Fresh, the Pillsbury Doughboy, is dead at 36, a probable suicide. His body was discovered early today in an unattended oven heated to 450° F.

According to a neighbor, Betty Crocker, who identified the body, Fresh had been suffering from depression. "He'd become very silent and withdrawn," Crocker said. "Nobody could get a rise out of him."

It is believed that the Doughboy first became depressed when he realized he hadn't grown an inch in more than 30 years. His outward cheerfulness apparently concealed a deep inferiority complex, which worsened with age.

"He was always so pitifully pale," said Crocker. "Now at least there's some color to him."

Funeral services will be held tomorrow at the Duncan Hines Funeral Home. Mourners may view the body, once it has been frosted.



Mr. Goodwrench Dies in Garage Accident

Mr. George Melvin (G.M.) Goodwrench, an auto mechanic, was crushed to death today when an '82 Buick Regal toppled from a faulty hydraulic lift.

According to a garage co-worker, Mr. Goodwrench had a history of being "accident-prone." In 1985, he was hospitalized after his head became entangled in a moving fan-belt. A year earlier, he narrowly survived after being sucked under in a grease pit.

At last report, Mr. Goodwrench's body remained trapped beneath the Buick Regal.

"We're jammed up just now," said a garage spokesman. "We'll get to him just as soon as there's someone available."

Morris the Cat Dies for the Ninth Time

Morris the cat is dead at 23. The famed finicky feline died of starvation following a 38-day, "Liver-or-else!" hunger strike.

According to his veterinarian, Morris had apparently suffered eight previous deaths, but had "miraculously survived" each time. "The ninth was one too many," the doctor said.

A loner to the end, Morris had no close friends. There are several distant cousins—Heathcliff, Garfield, Felix, Tom, Sylvester and Bill, none of whom care to get involved.

Ronald McDonald Dies

Ronald McDonald is dead at 19. According to a distant relative, Herb, death was due to over-exposure.



Cap'n Crunch Dies After Gallant Fight

Cap'n Crunch, beloved hero to young people the nation over, died last night after struggling valiantly against the Soggies.

Famed for his crisp, dry manner and tough grain, Crunch wilted under the Soggies' attack, which only last week claimed the lives of Snap, Crackle and Pop.



According to eyewitnesses, the Cap'n fought bitterly, refusing to surrender. Wet and weakened, he shouted, "Better croaked than soaked!" Shortly thereafter he was drenched and overwhelmed.

A colorful character, Cap'n Crunch was considered eccentric by those who knew him. "He was a real flake," said his close friend, Tony the Tiger.

GREEN GIANT, 42, DIES OF OVERDOSE

The Green Giant collapsed and died yesterday from a chlorophyll overdose. He was 42.

The body was found early this morning occupying parts of seven counties in northern California and southern Oregon. The impact measured 8.5 on the Richter scale and was felt as far away as Ohio.

Observers at the scene believe that more than 4,000 victims are trapped beneath the Green Giant's body. Health officials say that unless the immense rotting hulk is removed soon, a massive epidemic could result. He is survived by a nephew, the Little Green Sprout.



Charlie the Tuna Dies; Starkist Reject Was 92

Charlie the Tuna, 92, believed to have been the oldest fish in existence, died today of natural causes.

Charlie was orphaned at an early age when his parents gave their lives to Starkist. As an adult, he vowed to carry on the family tradition, but was constantly rejected as "undesirable."

Ever optimistic and hopeful, Charlie never lost his will to die. Yet despite numerous self-improvement courses and body-building exercises, he never managed to improve his image.

In his will, he asked to be broiled under a medium flame with a dash of lemon. So far, no one has claimed the body, which is still floating on the ocean surface off Newfoundland.



A Mad "Nightmare On Look At Nightmare On"

1



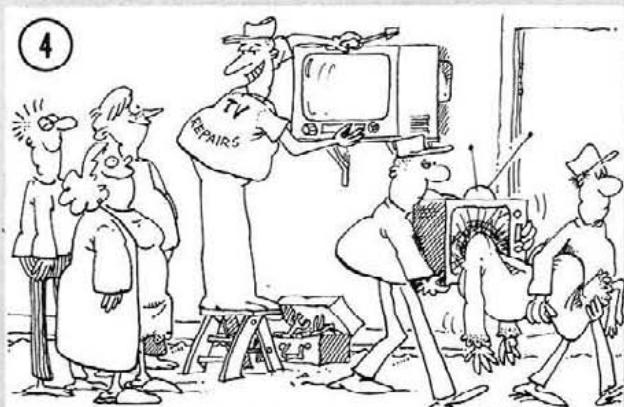
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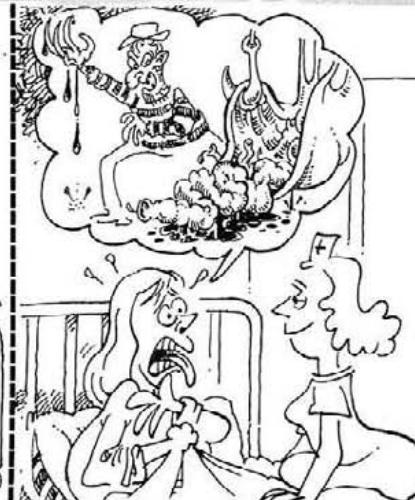
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3

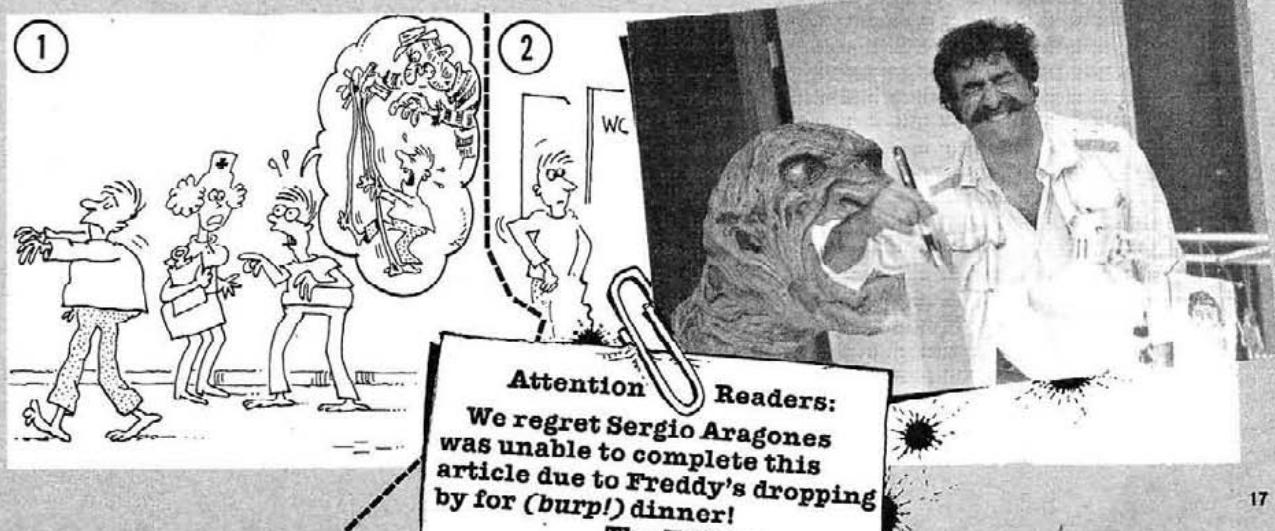


Elm Street'



ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

"FREDDY" BY: KEVIN YAGHER



TO AIR IS INHUMAN DEPT.

STUFF WE DIDN'T



DAVID LETTERMAN'S STUPID PLANT TRICKS



THE NEWLY DIVORCED GAME

GET TO SEE ON



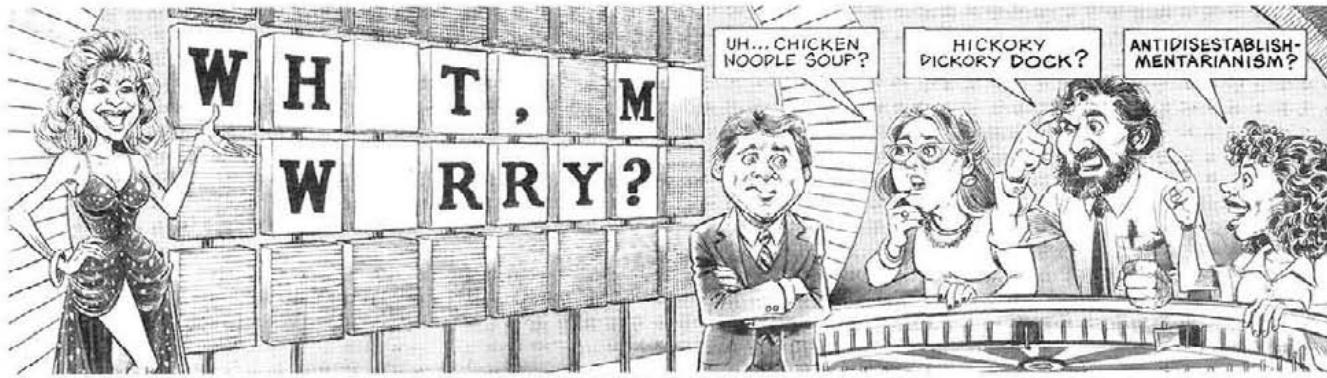
NBC SUNDAY MOVIE: THE GARY COLEMAN STORY
Starring Emmanuel Lewis



THE BOSTON POPS SALUTE TO RAP MUSIC



HILL STREET BLUES VISITS ST. ELSEWHERE



"ILLITERATE WEEK" ON WHEEL OF FORTUNE



BOB HOPE'S ALL-STAR SALUTE TO THE U.S.F.L.



BATTLE OF THE WALL STREET WEEK PANELISTS

TV



FAMILY FEUD: THE AQUINOS VS. THE MARCOSES



THE SECRETS OF AL CAPONE'S VAULT—PART 2

For One Reason Or Another

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

It's been 56 years since Henry Ford invented baseball in 1947. Since then, our society has gone through massive changes, while our national pastime has pretty much remained the same. To remedy this, MAD steps up to the plate and goes down swinging with these...

MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL RULE CHANGES FOR THE 1980'S

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: CHUCK SHEPHERD



Rule #30: A player's agent will be allowed no more than two trips to the field in any one inning to inform the player as to the current status of his salary negotiations.

Rule #9889: When a pitcher is stopped in the middle of his delivery by league officials demanding a urine sample for cocaine testing, it shall be officially scored as a "balk."

Rule #42: A runner may advance at his own risk when a fielder catches an infield fly but is then shot to death by a fan.

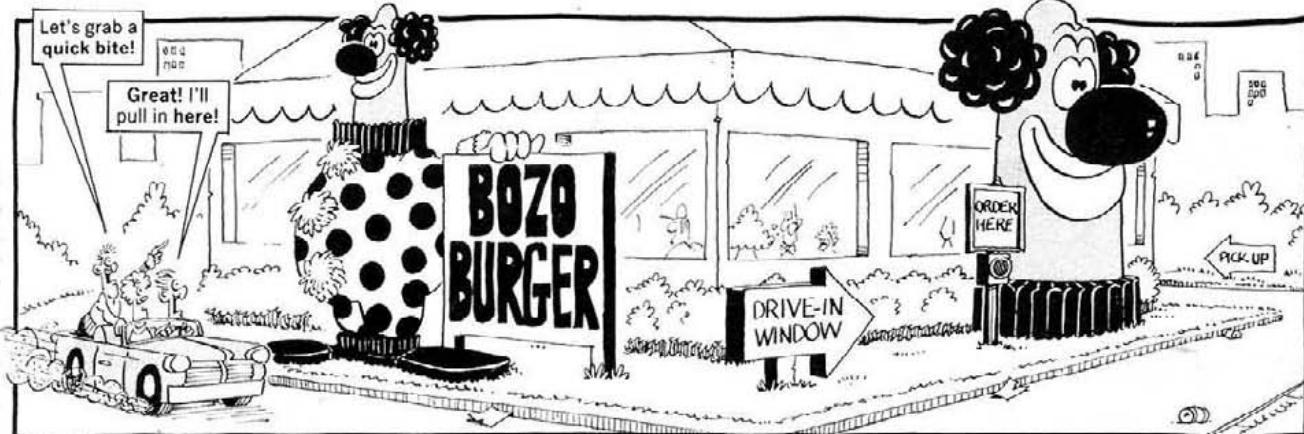
Rule #97A: For protection, the home-plate umpire will be permitted to keep one hand grenade in his ball bag.

Rule #5635: Any fly balls caught by persons parachuting into the stadium shall be considered an out provided the chutist lands with one foot in fair territory.

Rule #381: The rule permitting one base on an overthrow shall be automatically waived if the overthrow hits a spectator so as to halt a crime in progress.

Rule #74: Any stoppage of play as a direct result of "Nickel Beer Night" shall be listed in the box score as "rain delay."

ONE QUIET AFTERNOON ON WILLOW ROAD WEST





ALTAR EGOS DEPT.

In The Beginning...

...Man created Religion, and it was pure and good, and God looked down and said, "Go with it."

On the Secund Day, Man created Preachers to deliver God's Message. And God still was pleased, although He often felt something was lost in the translation.





On the Third Day, the Preachers discovered Television, and they came to be called Televangelists. And they prospered through the Miracle of the Toll-Free Number and the Tax-Free Donation. And they offered Instant Salvation through the Wonders of MasterCard and Visa.

And God saw these things and said, "I smell trouble."

On the Fourth Day, the Televangelists grew fat from Checkbook Religion, and they built Many Mansions and came to worship the Rolls-Royce and the Platinum Self-Winding Omega.

And God saw this Glorification of Glitz and the Fleecing of His Flock, and He wondered, "Is there no end to these False Profits?"

On the Fifth Day, the Televangelists, their cup overflowing with Bulging Bankrolls from their Electronic Cathedrals, declared that God was calling them to Greater Things.

And lo and behold, they built Vast Universities bearing their names. And they dug deep into the pockets of their Faithful and created their own Cable Networks. And they even aspired to that Great Political Pulpit in the White House.

And God saw them worshipping the idols of Self-Importance and Ambition, and said, "I think maybe it's time for an Eleventh Commandment."

On the Sixth Day, the Tabernacles of the Tube were beset by the Plagues of Sexual Hanky-Panky and Hush-Money, and Bankruptcy Bail-Outs and Spiritual Blackmail. And the Televangelists rushed to their microphones to see who could cast the First Stone. And they begot an unholy Soap Opera, and cries of "Pearlygate" and "Prayerscam" and "Gospelgate" were heard, and a Great Flood of Sanctimonious Sleaze spread throughout the Land.

And God lost His lunch.

On the Seventh Day, the Televangelists returned to their Electronic Cathedrals to regain God's Blessing. And thus it was that they appeared united, although some of the Electronic Cathedrals were under new management or were doomed to be Sacrifices on the Altar of Merger and Take-Over.

And from above, God looked down at the Tabernacles of the Tube, and He was saddened to see that the Rituals of Greed and Power and Corruption had returned as before.

And God pulled The Plug. Amen!



THE PLOY'S THE THING DEPT.

CLEVER WAYS TO GET OUT OF

RUNNY NOSE



GARLIC BREATH



AN OPEN ZIPPER



DROOPY PANTYHOSE



EMBARRASSING SITUATIONS

DOGGY-DOO SHOES



LIMITED ATHLETIC ABILITY



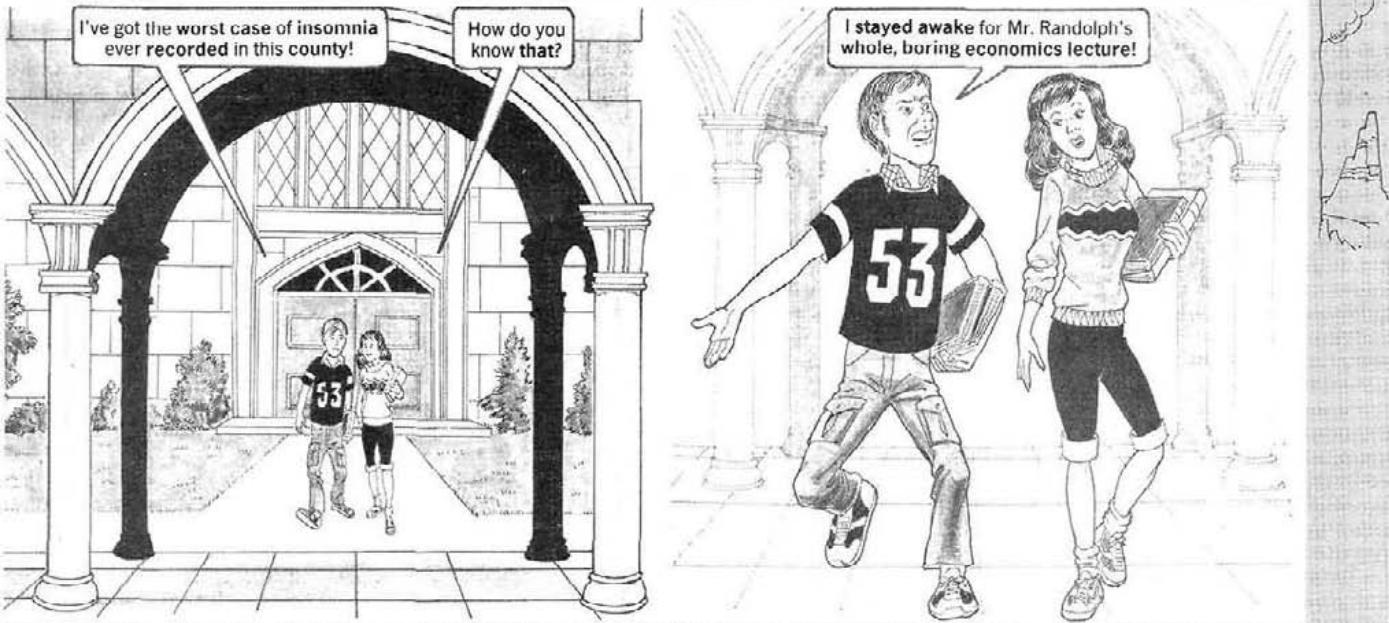
DANDRUFF



GAMY ARMPITS



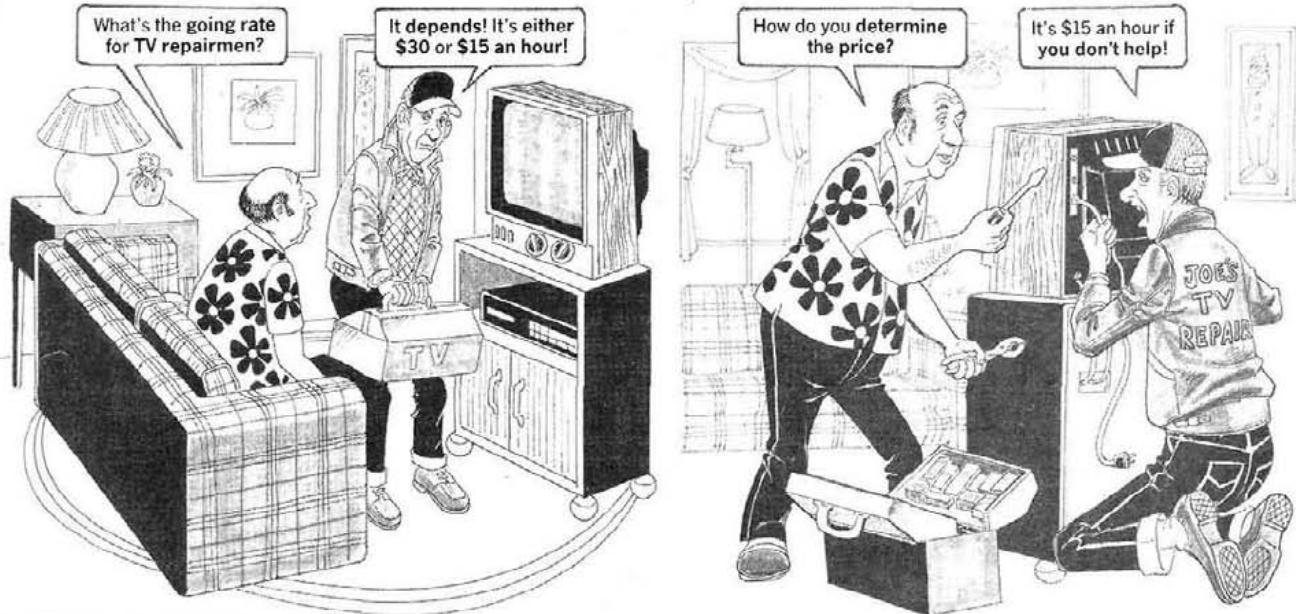
SLEEP



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTE

SERVICE CHARGES



UPMANSHIP

Now you're not the only one in
the crowd with a car phone,
Sid! I just got one, too!

Hey, that's great, Richie!
Call me up on the road
sometime, and if I'm out...

...just leave a message
on my new car phone
answering machine!



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

HOSPITALS

I was just admitted, too!
This is the gown they
gave me to wear!

Why are
you
here?

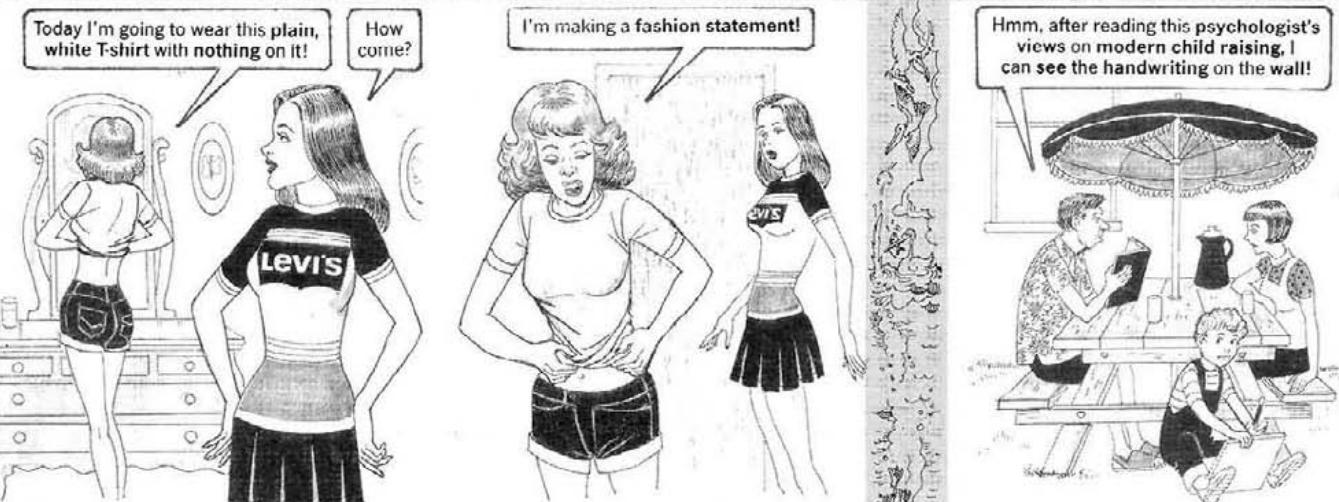
For observation — and they're not kidding!



CHOOSING



DRESS CODE



CHORES



CULTS



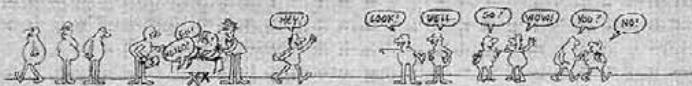
EMERGENCIES



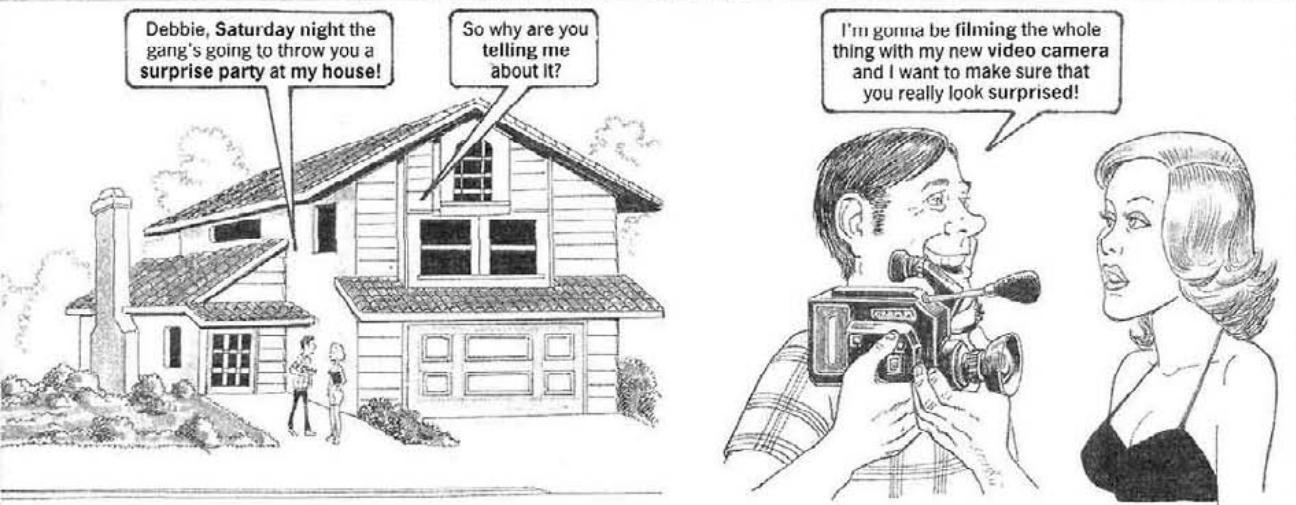
ADDITION AND SUBTRACTION



PROFESSIONALISM



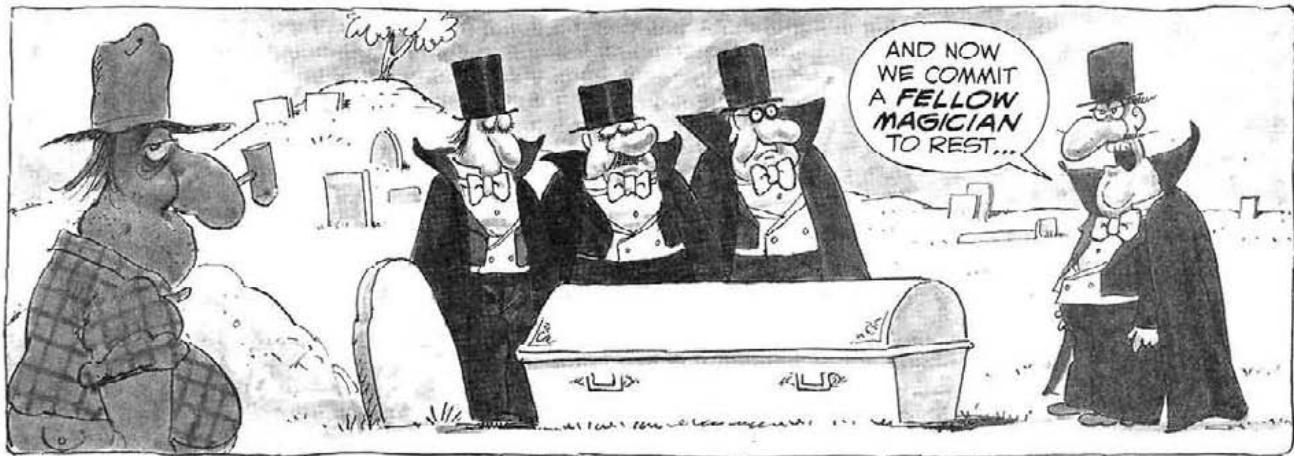
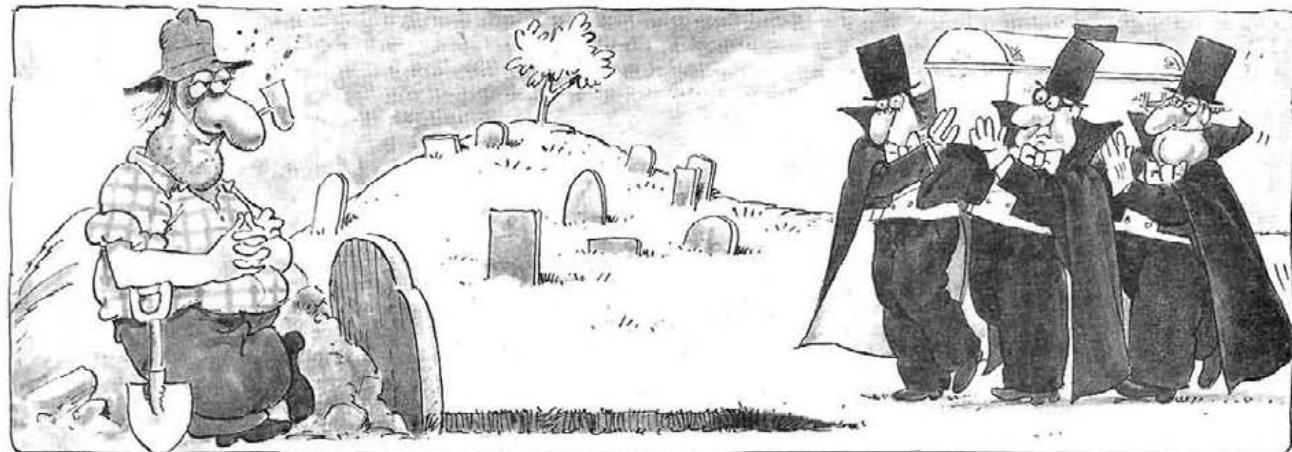
BIRTHDAYS



DOCTORS

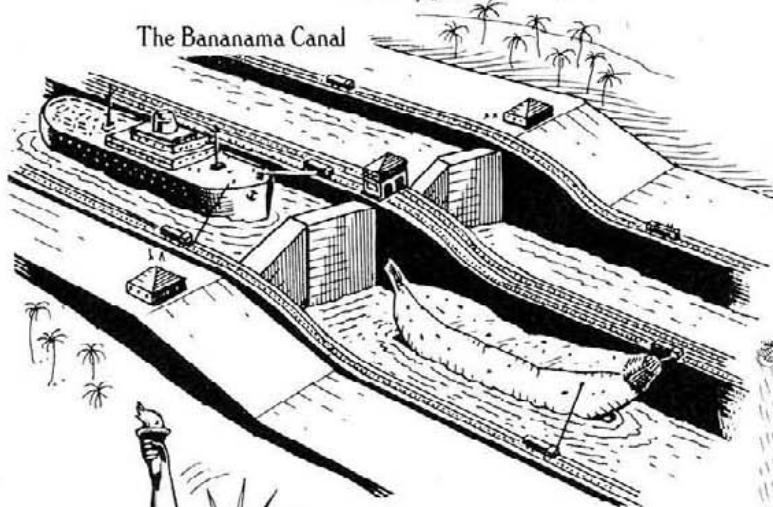


ABRA-CADAVER





The Banana Canal



The Statue of Levity



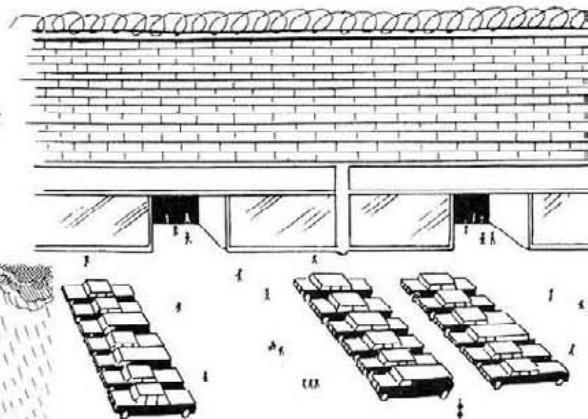
The Fountain of Ruth



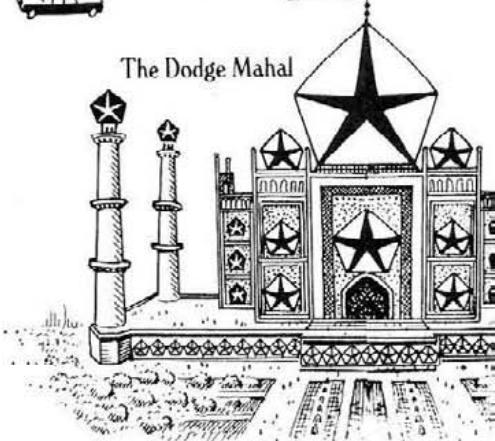
A PLACE IN THE PUN DEPT.

LITTLE WORLD LAND

The Berlin Mall



The Dodge Mahal

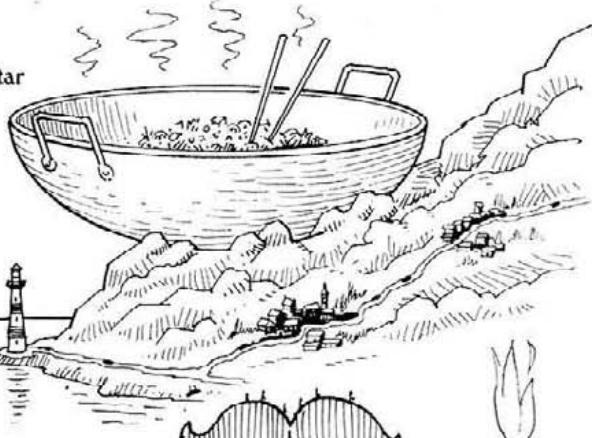


The Guggenheim Museum

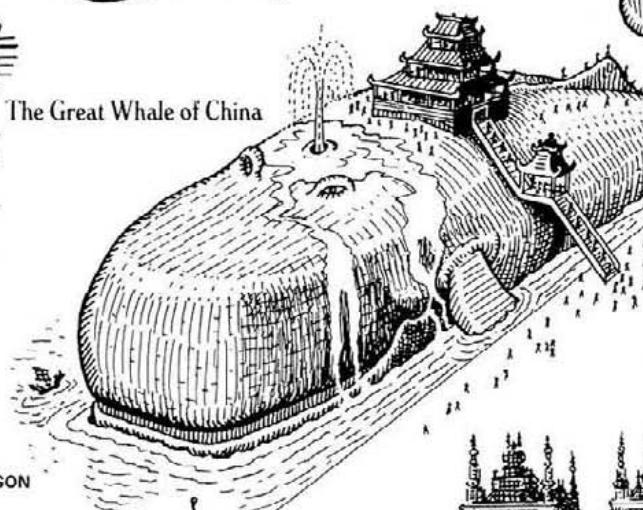


KNOWN WORLD MARKS

The Wok of Gibraltar

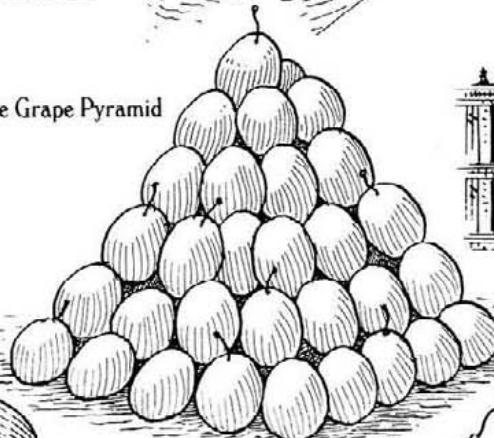


The Great Whale of China

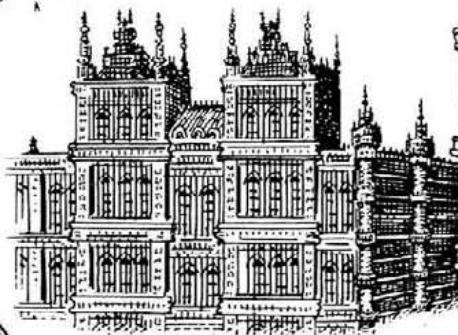


ARTIST: AL JAFFEE
WRITER: DAVE WILSON

The Grape Pyramid

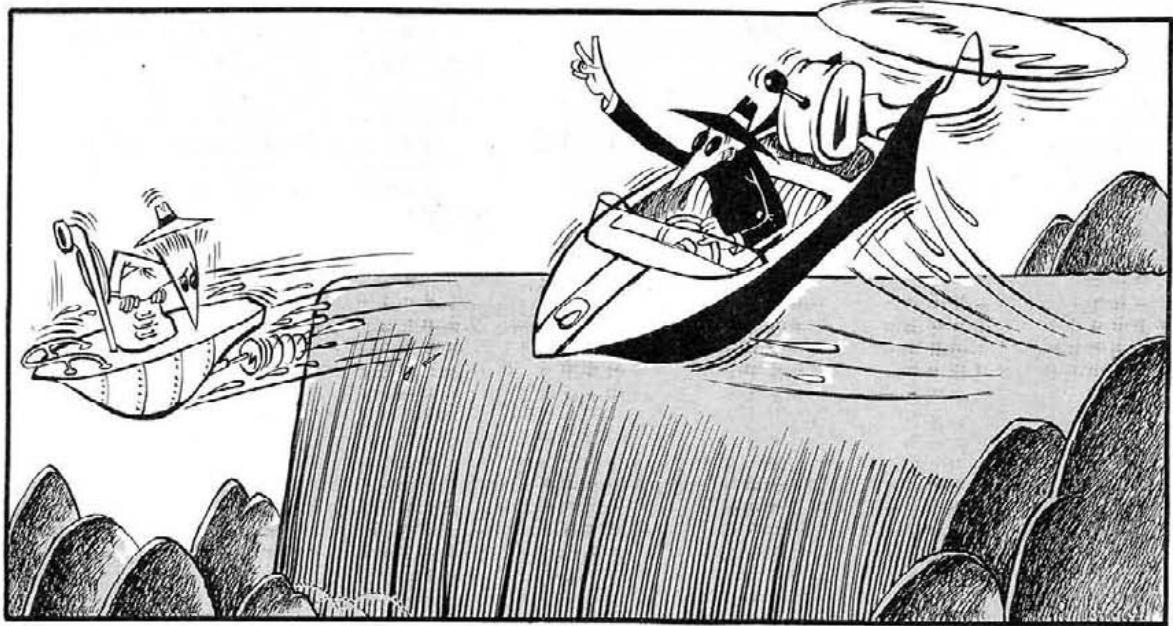
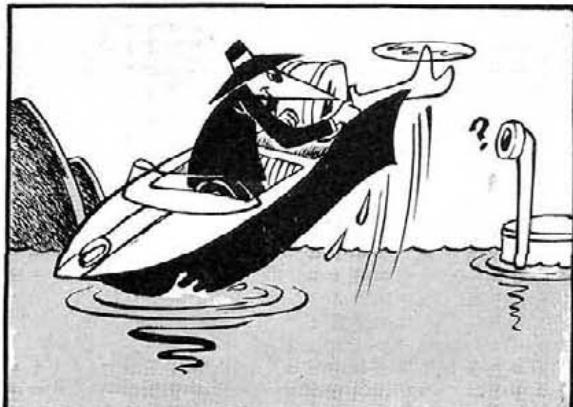
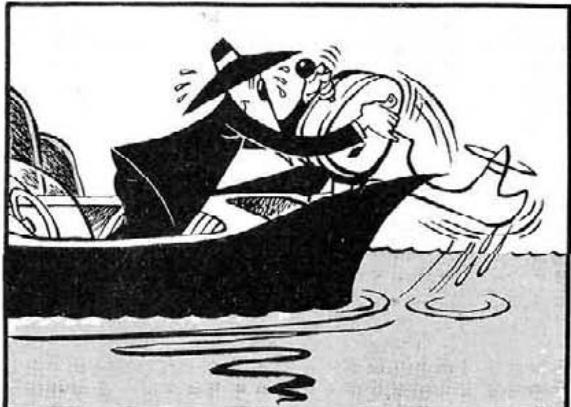
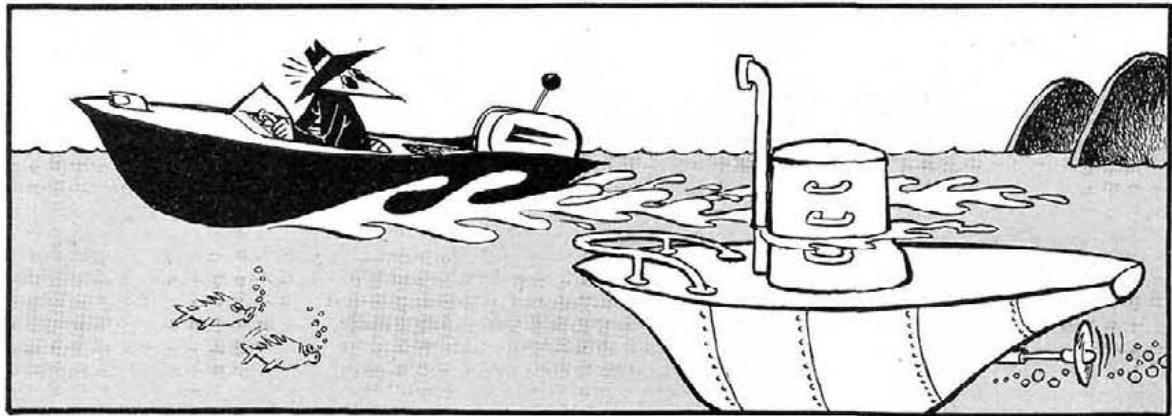


Bic Ben



King Tut's Tune





RENTING AND RAVING DEPT.

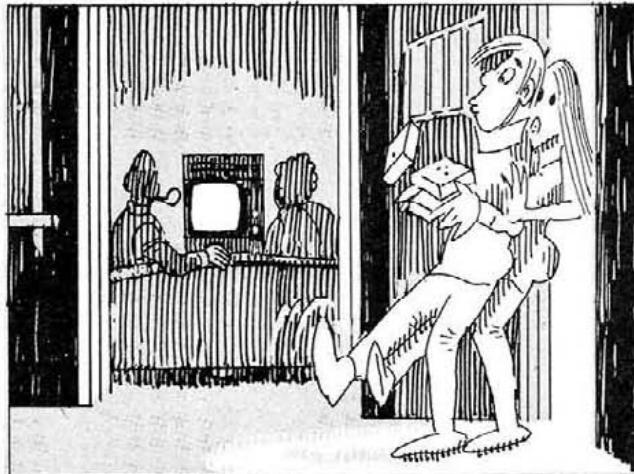
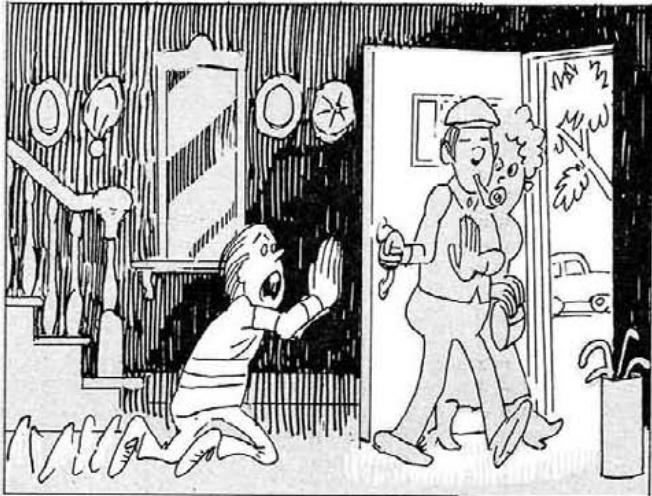
Many cheered the arrival of the video cassette recorder as another great invention—like the electric toothbrush and the coin machine that dispenses live bait. But now, some are openly questioning the VCR's value to society. Is its ability to bring recent movies into the home such a boon to mankind? Saturday night on the town—at the movies—is an *American tradition*.. Do we really want to throw over a cherished custom for some cheap little tape in a plastic box? Of course!! So pause, eject your better judgement, and fast-forward through...

WHY OWNING A VCR IS BETTER THAN GOING TO THE MOVIES

ARTIST: HARVEY KURTZMAN

WRITER: TOM KOCH

To go to a movie, you must beg for the family car,
which your parents often use on Saturday nights.



To watch a VCR you need only the family television,
which your parents rarely watch on Saturday evenings—except when they're not out using the car.

Taking a date to the movies costs \$10, as long as you
don't stop for dinner, which runs you \$30 more.



Renting a video tape costs only \$2.00, as long as you
don't lose it or damage it (assuming it was OK to
begin with!), otherwise it runs you \$79.95 more.

Driving to the movies on a Saturday night can turn into a frustrating waste of time that leaves you stranded in traffic for almost an hour.



Wedging yourself for two hours into a cramped, food-stained theatre seat can lead to spine misalignment and sticky pants.



If you and your date get too personally involved at a movie, you may be interrupted by an usher swinging a flashlight.



Afternoon drives to the video store are never frustrating, provided you enjoy waiting 45 minutes for service that gets you out just in time for the Saturday night traffic jam.

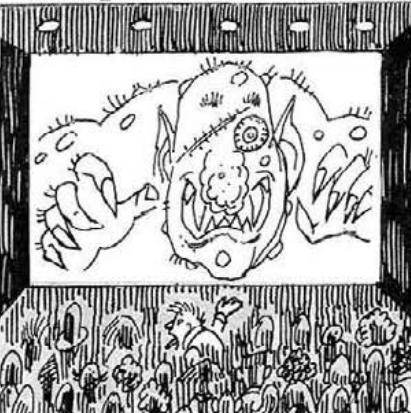


Chairs will never cause problems in your comfortable home. Uninvited guests will keep you so busy fixing food that you'll never have time to sit down.



No usher will bother the two of you in front of a VCR. However, you may be interrupted by your parents, who frequently swing objects larger than flashlights.

As a movie-goer, on Saturday nights you have to watch whatever the theatre owner decides to present, even when it is a "Teenage Slasher Film Festival."



At the movies, your enjoyment of the film is always disrupted by lots of people climbing over you to reach their seats.



After you've finished a late Saturday night at the movies, you must face the drudgery of driving all the way back home.

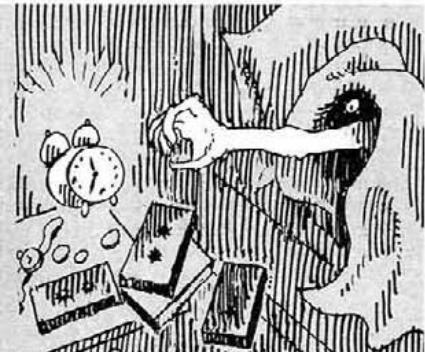




As a VCR owner you can watch anything you want—except on weekends, when the only tapes still available are "Friday the 13th Parts III, IV and V."



People seldom crawl over you when you're home with a VCR. They simply ring your doorbell and telephone every ten minutes.



When a tape ends on Saturday night, you're already home—at least until Sunday morning, when you must face the drudgery of schlepping it back by 10 AM—or pay for an extra day.

Before a movie begins you must first sit through boring reminders not to talk, litter or smoke, and previews that can drag on for fifteen minutes.



A VCR lets you get right to the feature, just as soon as you adjust the contrast, brightness, color and tint, which rarely takes more than half an hour.

In a public theatre you never know if the stranger next to you is a demented weirdo who's planning to stab you to death.



At home, you are relieved to know that the person next to you is just a demented friend or relative who's merely capable of boring you to death.

Attending a popular first-run movie on the weekend gives you just one thing to discuss with your friends on Monday morning.



For the same money you can rent **three** VCR films. Unfortunately, all three were seen, discussed, and totally forgotten by your friends about six months ago.

LAW AND SLAUGHTER DEPT.

Statute 4, Paragraph 1 of the State Penal Code concerns itself with the intentional destruction of life, while Para. 3 deals with the willful destruction of property. Unfortunately it doesn't seem to pertain to the cops, mainly the ones in the following movie, who do a bang-up job of...

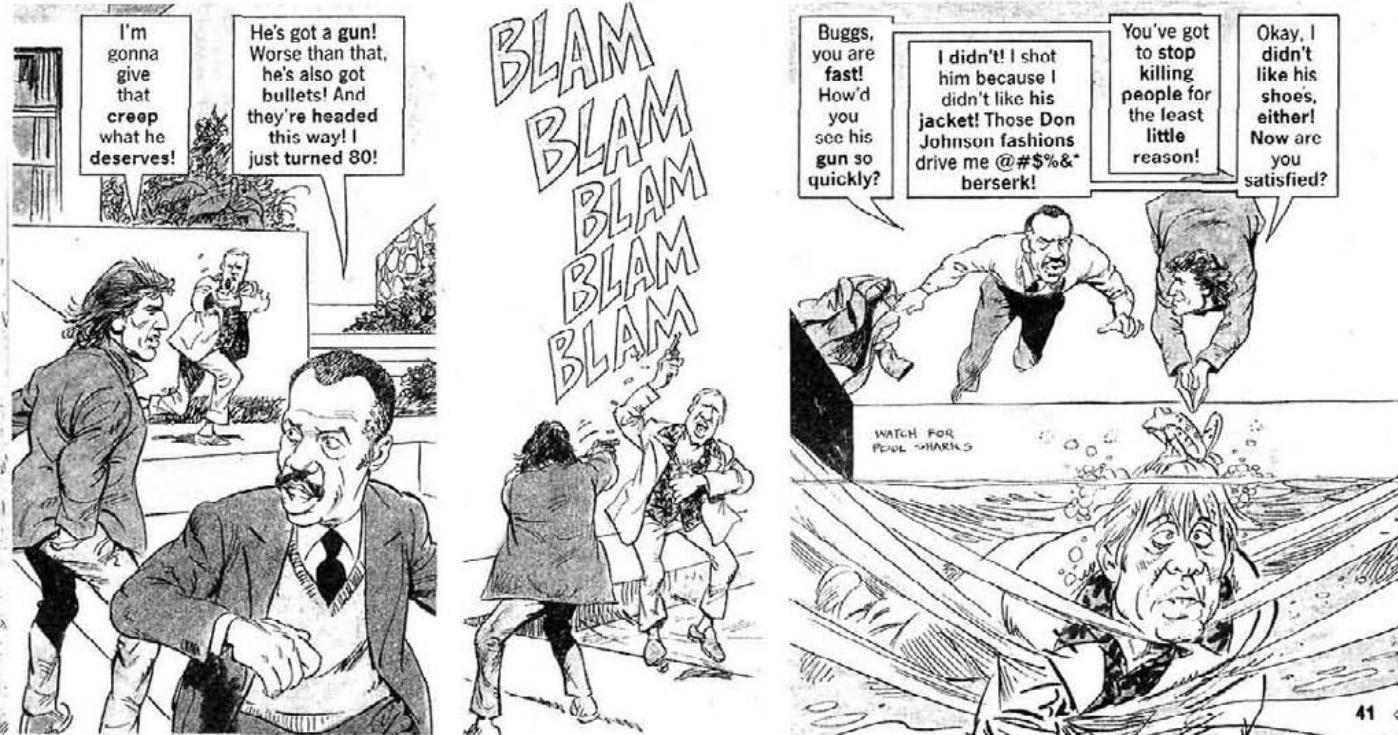


LEGAL WRECKIN'



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DeBARTOLO



I'll bet it's been a long time since you've had a home-cooked meal, Bugs!

It has! And if this is what I've been missing, it's gonna be an even longer time before I have another one!

So what do you think of my sophisticated wife and my fun-loving kids?

It's like dinner at the Cosbys' without all the one-liners!

You call yourself a crack shot? I fired six shots and hit the bull's eye six times!

So big deal! I fired six shots and wounded six people right here at the target range!



Dammit, Bugs, that's where Salamanda, a friend of the dead girl lived! They got to her before we did!

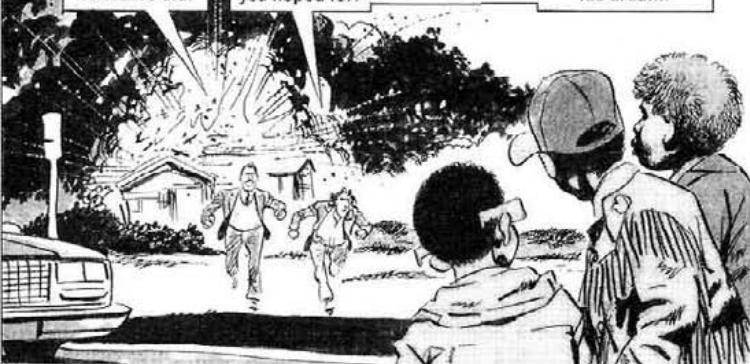
If you were hoping to find a shred of evidence, you got more shreds than you hoped for!

Maybe those kids across the street can help us! They must've seen everything!

Good idea! But let's just rough them up! I don't like to kill kids unless they provoke me — Like asking for ice cream!

Hey, you guys, can you tell us what you saw before the explosion?

Sure! This guy was dressed like a gas company meter reader, but he didn't fool me — I saw his tattoo! He belongs to Operation Shallow, the secret C.I.A. unit operating under the phoney Air-go America banner, which we all know is actually a front for a big cocaine ring made up of former Vietnam vets!



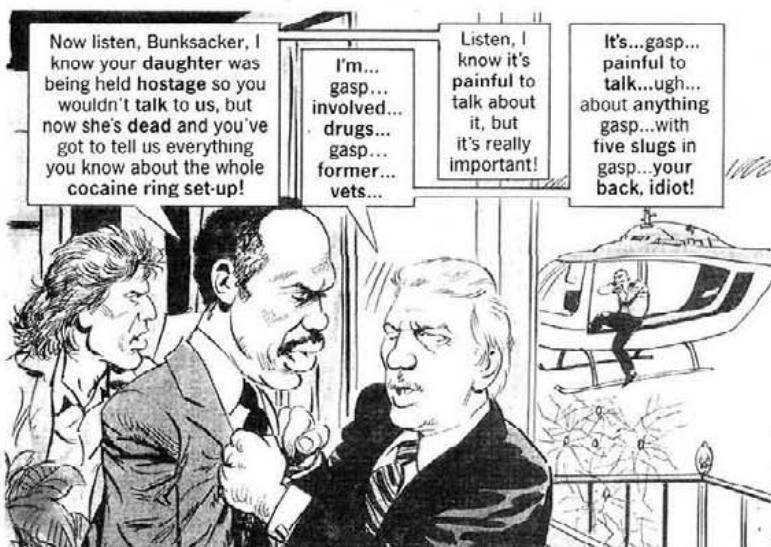
Right! Salamanda, of course, was murdered, and covered up as a suicide! She's Bunksacker's daughter, and you'd have to be blind not to see her old man's bank served as a "laundry" for the drug cash! And then...

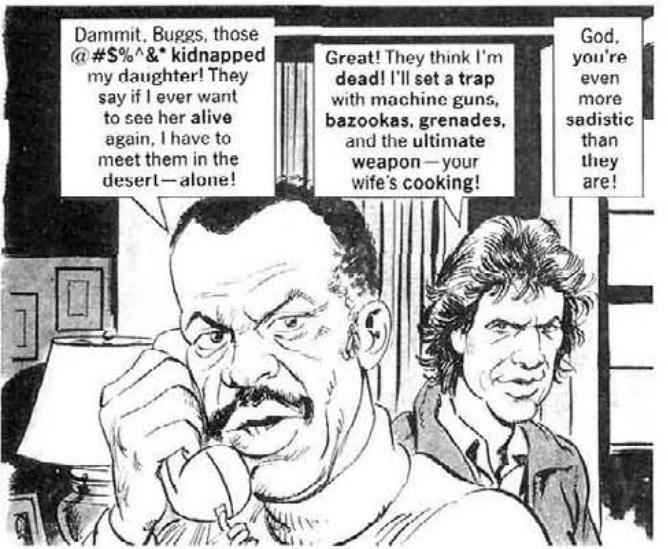
Hold it, hold it! Moving the story along is one thing, but don't push it too far!

Now listen, Bunksacker, I know your daughter was being held hostage so you wouldn't talk to us, but now she's dead and you've got to tell us everything you know about the whole cocaine ring set-up!

I'm... gasp... involved... drugs... gasp... former... vets...

Listen, I know it's painful to talk about it, but it's really important!





I can't believe it! They sent 30,000 volts through you—and you were still able to escape? How did you do it?

Fortunately, there was a blackout!

Blackout? How can that be? The lights are still on in here!

They're running off my body voltage!

Dad, those guys are getting away!



Buggs, you can cut them off at Santa Monica!

The bad guys are in a speeding car and the cops are going to cut them off on foot?

With freeway traffic the way it is, he won't even have to walk fast to cut them off!



I'm trapped in this flaming car! So what are my options? If the cops get me, I'll go to jail for 100 years! Not bad, I can do that! But what if Martyr gets to me first? He'll do to me what I did to his daughter—force me to eat his wife's cooking! Forget it! I'd rather eat this grenade!



Besides being a nut job, Buggs, you're also one sloppy driver! Obviously, you think there's no difference between a living room and a garage!

Hey, I learned how to drive on my first job—I was a valet parking attendant! Besides, I wanted to force you to come outside to fight me so we don't damage Martyr's home!



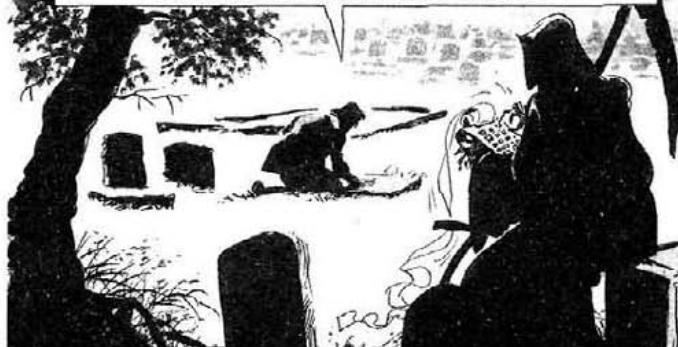
Isn't someone going to call the police to break up that terrible fight?

Except for one of them, they're all the police!

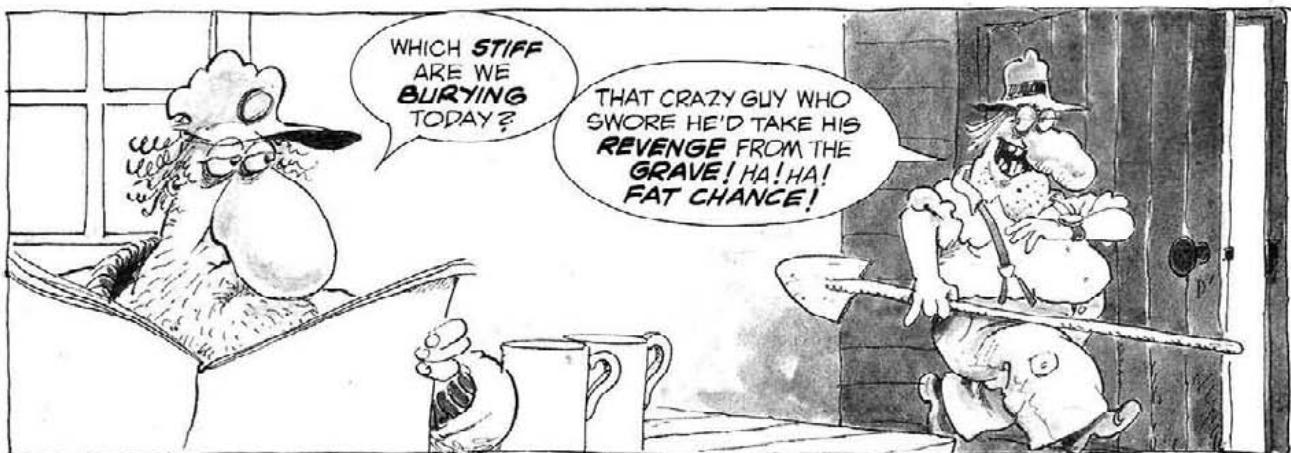
Then call the Beverly Hills Horticultural Society to get them off the lawn!



Hi, sweetheart! It's me again, Buggs, paying you a visit in the private cemetery reserved exclusively for people I've killed! Martyr and me broke up that drug ring—along with at least two million bucks worth of homes, cars and property! And since it's December 25th, I brought you some presents—12 more dead bodies, one for each of the 12 days of Christmas! And I even killed a partridge in this pear tree I planted just for you! Call me sentimental, but hey, that's the kind of guy I am!



THE PLOT SICKENS



Each of us occasionally gets the feeling that the world has lost its sanity and is coming unglued. Younger people probably get that feeling most often because they have not yet lived long enough to see that each new wave of impractical innovation

THE MORE THINGS CHANGE, TH

IN THE 50's...

...it was 10¢ coffee.

IN THE 60's...

...it was 39¢ wine.

IN THE 70's...

...it was 50¢ diet cola.

IN THE 80's...

...it's \$1.25 bottled water.



IN THE 50's...

...it was logs on fire at football rallies.

IN THE 60's...

...it was store fronts on fire at ghetto rallies.

IN THE 70's...

...it was U.S. embassies on fire at terrorist bombings.

IN THE 80's...

...it's stomach linings on fire at Cajun restaurants.



IN THE 50's...

...it was Abbott and Costello.

IN THE 60's...

...it was Rowan and Martin.

IN THE 70's...

...it was Mork and Mindy.

IN THE 80's...

...it's Reagan and Bush.

IN THE 50's...

...it was Sid Caesar on NBC.

IN THE 60's...

...it was Ed Sullivan on CBS.

IN THE 70's...

...it was Howard Cosell on ABC.

IN THE 80's...

...it's Marilyn Chambers on VCR.



IN THE 50's...

...it was bizarre Beatniks.

IN THE 60's...

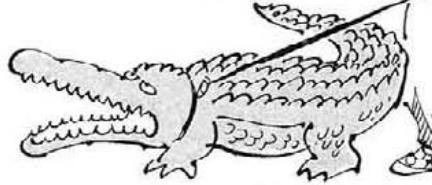
...it was hairy Hippies.

IN THE 70's...

...it was pinhead Preppies.

IN THE 80's...

...it's yeccy Yuppies.



eventually runs its course and then fades away to make room for another one. Well, take heart from the voice of experience! MAD is well into its fourth decade of observing fads and folly in every form. That's why we can offer you this guarantee:

E MORE THEY STAY THE SAME

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: TOM KOCH



IN THE 50's...

...it was "I Love Lucy."

IN THE 60's...

...it was "Here's Lucy."

IN THE 70's...

...it was "The Lucy Show."

IN THE 80's...

...it's "I Love Lucy" reruns.



IN THE 50's...

...the fashionable colors were pink and turquoise—just like the new DeSotos.

IN THE 60's...

...the fashionable colors were gray and moldy green—just like a flower child's ankles.

IN THE 70's...

...the fashionable colors were almond and avocado—just like the new food processors.

IN THE 80's...

...the fashionable colors are pink and turquoise—just like Don Johnson's new wardrobe.



IN THE 50's...

...it was "25¢ Cheap!"

IN THE 60's...

...it was "35¢ Cheap!"

IN THE 70's...

...it was "90¢ Cheap!"

IN THE 80's...

...it's "\$1.35 Cheap!"



IN THE 50's...

...it was cruising in an Edsel.

IN THE 60's...

...it was spacing out in a VW.

IN THE 70's...

...it was sputtering along on a moped.

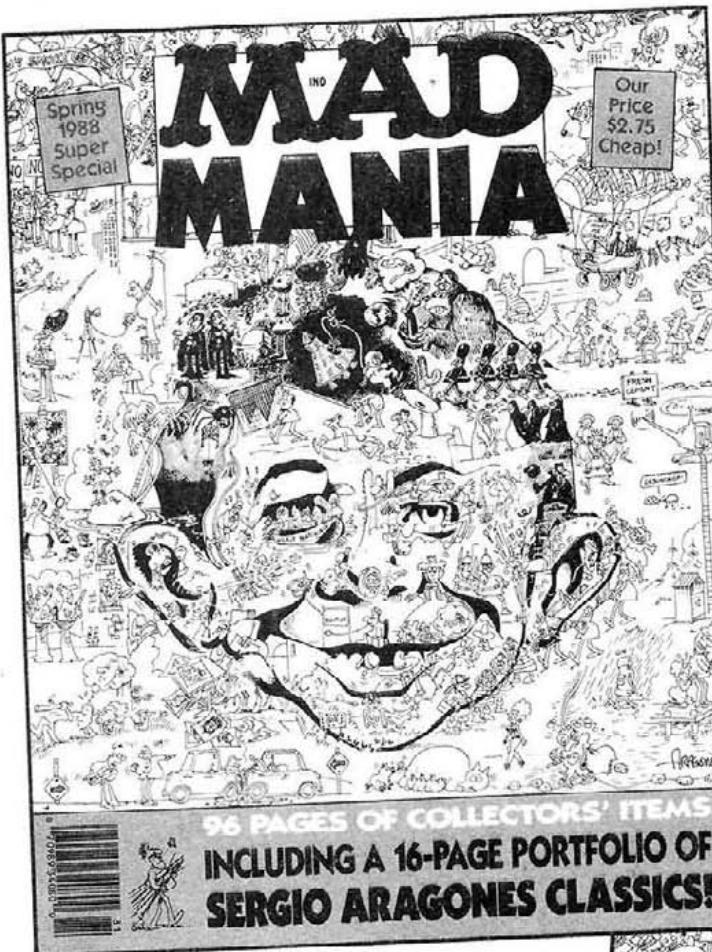
IN THE 80's...

...it's pedaling nowhere on an exercycle.



On sale now

ARAGONE'S BONUS



**...AND 80 PAGES OF OTHER BALONUS!
DON'T WRITE US OR PHONE US,
JUST BUY US AND OWN US!**

THE END.



**TELL THE TRUTH — DOESN'T THIS
LOOK LIKE THE WALLET OF AN
IMPORTANT, SUCCESSFUL PERSON?**

THIS CARD IS THE PROPERTY OF WHOEVER FINDS IT.



This card is for use by people who mistakenly think it will make them look like sophisticated world travelers and gain the respect and envy of their friends. Even though we know better, we're certainly not going to dispel that notion... how else could we get people to pay our hefty annual membership fee? Fact is, far from being exclusive, any poor slob making the minimum wage qualifies for this baby!

If this card is lost or stolen, expect to get a pretty big bill sent to your home about a month from now.

MADE IN WAMMELSDORF



**WELL, ANYWAY...
DIDN'T IT? JUST
FOR A MOMENT??**

LANDMINE

This card is to be used only by poor saps who think they can improve their lifestyles by owning it as a result of watching our fraudulent and misleading TV commercials showing wealthy celebrities taking jumbo jets to the Caribbean to purchase solid gold knick-knacks for their penthouse apartments. But for the average slob such as yourself, the most glamorous purchase you'll ever make using this card will probably be a new nozzle for your bathroom sink at K-Mart.

Signature _____
Please Print _____

This card is the property of the Landmine Bank for Savings and must be returned upon request, although we doubt well want it back after you've used it.

JCPetty A 040 638 294

Valid when signed in ink by authorized purchaser
(or someone claiming to be him)

Welcome to the JC Petty family of customers.

This card is provided for the convenience of charging purchases in all JC Petty stores, which are located in malls where much better products than the ones we sell are readily available and usually at more reasonable prices.

By signing or using this card, you accept and agree to the terms of your JC Petty credit agreement, even though we never sent you one.

HOW TO PLACE SPLIT CARD CALLS

Long Distance:

- Dial **120-3140**. If you get a recording, dial **1-800-800-1800**. If the line is busy, dial **1-212-121-3151**. If there is no answer, try dialing **120-3140** again and see what happens this time. If it still doesn't work, dial **120-3336** and ask for Henry. He'll tell you more numbers you can try.
- If phone rings 50 times before anything happens, you can be certain you've dialed the right number. Wait for computer tone. Dial "0". Wait for next computer tone. Dial area code and number. Wait for computer tone—again. This final computer tone will continue for the duration of your call.
- Dial the 16-digit authorization code on the front of the card four times in less than 20 seconds or you will be cut off and have to go back to step one.

International Calling:

- Follow the instructions in step one above, substituting eights for twos and fours for threes.
- Argue with overseas operator who doesn't speak English.
- Send telegram instead.

Note: To report missing card, call **1-800-180-0180**. Of course, if your card is missing, you can't read this and won't know who to call, will you?

This card may be used to make any and all purchases except: airline tickets, hotel rooms, automobiles, jewelry, gravy, zipper repairs, camel rides, novelty hams, scarecrows, artificial turf, paste, or anything else you would ever want to buy. Despite this, card holders will receive a monthly statement and be charged a \$75.00 annual fee.

Unauthorized Signature _____

Carde Blanke The Good for Nothing Card®



Mobil Oil Credit Corporation

CLIP AND USE!

MAD's

FREE BONUS!

NO CREDIT CARDS

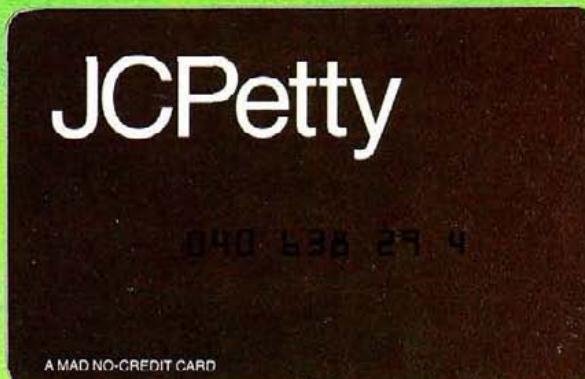
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

IDEA BY: BILLY DOHERTY

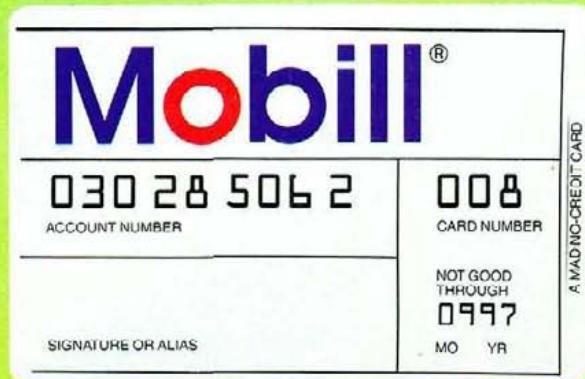
WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU



THEY LOOK IMPRESSIVE TO THE EASILY IMPRESSED! (JUST LIKE REAL CREDIT CARDS!)



THEIR USE WON'T LEAD TO BANKRUPTCY! (THAT'S BETTER THAN REAL CREDIT CARDS!)



(ALL CARDS SUBJECT TO THE TERMS AND OTHER MUMBO JUMBO ON REVERSE)